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THE LADY AND LOVER.

A REAL ROMANCE.

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CHAPTER IV.

"Men, wives and children, stare, cry out and run. As it were doomsday."
"Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder."
It was the hour of midnight, and the secret Council of Ten was in session. In his high chair of state sat the Doge, wearing the insignia of his dual rank and power. Around him were ranged the mysterious Ten.
Blue and dim burned the lights above their heads, throwing down but dull rays on the dark and sombre tapestry of the room, and imparting to the place a gloom and unearthly solemnity such as would chill the stoutest heart with a shudder of horror.
"Call in the prisoner!" commanded the Doge.
"Which one? He who was put to the rack this morning?" inquired the attendant.
"The very same," answered the Doge. "Bring him in!"
Obedient to the order, the attendant opened a secret door that was sunk in the massive palace wall, and in another instant was gone.
His absence was somewhat prolonged, during the whole of which time the Council sat in their mysterious circle, rapt in profound silence.
Presently the door opened again, and the attendant appeared; but this time he was alone.
"Where is the prisoner?" demanded the Doge.
"He is not here," was the respectful reply.
"Where then?"
"Not yet in his dungeon cell."
"But where then? Where then?" repeated the Doge, somewhat impatiently.
"The dungeon keeper says he sent him hither more than an hour ago."
"By whose order, sir?"
"By that of myself, Sire, and the Council."
"No such order has been given," replied the Doge, in deep astonishment. "Bring hither the keeper at once!"
Each member of the Council instantly gazed into the face of the other, with an expression of deep wonder. They were all filled with astonishment.
A hidden spring in the wall was touched by the attendant, and on the instant a door few wide open. Confused and trembling, the luckless dungeon keeper was brought into the darkened and tomb-like room.
"Where is the prisoner Maroo?" demanded the Doge.
All eyes were fixed on him.
"I sent him hither full an hour ago," answered the crest-fallen jailer.
"By whose hands?" asked the Doge.
"By an attendant's."
"But did not the attendant give you his name?"
"He said it was Alphonzi, and that he had orders from the Doge and Council to bring the prisoner at once before them. He bore iron manacles in his hands, and was careful to place them on the prisoner's wrists before he left the cell."
"And you let the prisoner go, then?" pursued the Doge.
"Yes, Sire; what should I have done?"
"Did the attendant give you the pass-word, as he ought to have done?"
"Every syllable correctly," replied the dungeon keeper.
"You have been duped!"
"Sire!"
"I say you have been deceived. Let us see. How was the so-called messenger dressed? Like that attendant yonder?"
"Precisely."
"Had he light eyes?"
"No, Sire; dark—very dark."
"Stoutly built?"
"On the contrary, very slightly."
"Do you not know who he was, then?" continued the Doge, excitedly.
"Indeed, Sire, I cannot imagine," answered the afflicted keeper.
"He was BANDOLO!"
"Bando!"
"The very same; the man for whom so large a reward has been offered by the State. Back to your duty, sir, and henceforth see that you are more watchful than ever. We may send for you again."
The dungeon keeper left the room in a tempest of astonishment, his heart the prey of a terrible conflict between fear and chagrin at his great disappointment.
It was at that same hour of the night, and while the proud Count Cesario was sitting in the council chamber of the dual palace, that two females, young in years and clad only in proper in-door apparel, were hurrying along the streets, now stealing beneath the shadows of lofty and frowning houses, now gliding noiselessly and with fingers on their lips within some darkened archway or secret recess, and again hurrying on and at the top of their speed, to gain some point they had in prospect.

These two females were no other than Viola and her maid Juliet.
"Hush now, Juliet! Here we are, safely, at last!" finally burst from the lips of the beautiful Viola, in a half whisper.
They had reached the lowest door of the building, in whose upper room old Nancie was in the habit of dealing out her mystic prophecies.
In a moment more they were in her presence.
"Viola," exclaimed the old crone, as seeing the young girl enter the balcony at such a strange and fearful time of night, "how came you from home on such a night? Your father is with the Council, tonight."
"That is the very reason, dear nurse, I have chosen this hour to come and see you, answered Viola. Old Nancie had for years been the faithful and devoted nurse of Viola, and to her had always been confided all the little secrets of the latter, even for a long time after they had been separated.
"Does anything go wrong with thee, my child?" asked Nancie, in a tone of affectionate sympathy.
The young girl threw herself into her old nurse's lap, and, laying her head upon her bosom, wept as if her heart would break.
"Why—why, what is the matter, child? What troubles this little, innocent heart so sorely? Tell me, Viola! Tell your dear, old nurse all!"
"But Viola continued weeping violently, as if she would be neither consoled nor comforted.
Presently, after she had recovered in a measure from this outbreak of her grief, Nancie raised her head from her bosom, and with her kerchief wiped away the tears from her swollen eyes, and affectionately urged her to tell what it was that troubled her heart so much.
Juliet, the maid, would, perchance, have spoken, but she dared not forestall the words which she well knew were most properly spoken by the lips of her mistress.
At length, however, Viola found the syllables her heart so fondly desired, and she began:
"My dear Nancie, I am so wretched! I am miserable indeed!"
"You need never have told me of that, for any one could see it at a glance," responded the old soothsayer. "But you must now tell me, Viola, what it is that makes you so wretched."
"My father is the cause of it, Nancie; my own father!"
"Your father?" exclaimed the nurse, in astonishment. "And how has he made you wretched?"
"He has made oath to me that I shall marry the young Count Ruberto. He has given me three days only in which to prepare my heart for the event, and the nuptials are to be made ready at once."
"But do you not love Ruberto?" inquired Nancie, dropping her voice.
"Love him? I hate him! I detest him! He is a villain and a spy!"
"Then you love some other, perhaps?"
The beautifully expressive eyes of Viola were cast down on the floor, as she stood silent, making no reply.
"Now tell me what it is, Viola. Tell me, my child," plead Nancie, in her old, affectionate manner.
The girl leaned forward her head and whispered a word in her old nurse's ear.
"Is it so?" astonishedly exclaimed the nurse.
"Viola merely nodded in affirmation.
"What if you do not consent to marry the young Count Ruberto?" asked Nancie.
"Then I am to go to the convent. Father Petroni has been consulted already, and my father is immovable. He cannot be changed. What shall I do?"
For a few moments old Nancie gazed out over the open heavens, and silently contemplated the stars with which its blue and cloudless surface was thickly dotted, and instantly turning to Viola again, she said:
"It will not be so, my child."
"What will not be so?" eagerly asked Viola.
"You will not marry Count Ruberto."
"Upon that I am fully determined for myself," resolutely answered she.
"But Fate will interpose its hand to snatch thee from the threatened trouble," said Nancie. "I see it—I have read it already in the stars overhead. Fear nothing, my child; all will yet be well."
"Embracing and fondly kissing her old nurse again, she started out the door and bade Juliet follow.
Half an hour afterwards, the well known form of Bando himself entered the chamber.
"You here, Bando?" said the old woman, greatly amazed.
"And why not here, Nancie?" asked he, in reply. "Is there any single place in all proud Venice where I may not be? Tell me that, Nancie—tell me that!"
"No, none, Bando," replied she. "But are you not afraid?"
"Afraid! Of what? Who ever taught me fear? I know how to be prudent; but fearful, never!"
"You should be anxious about your life," said she.
"No. My life is in the hands of a higher power than man's. The same God watches over me ever, and the same Fate ever awaits me. I shall not die before my time; and I feel certain that my time is not yet. But what do you read to-night in the heavens, prophecies?"
Nancie looked out intently into the face of the heavens, and then said, turning around to him:
"There is much trouble about your path, Bando."
"I know that, well enough already," he replied.
"You enjoy the love of a fair and high-born lady," continued she, heedless of the interruption, "and

she is not permitted to return you the affection you crave."
"True, good Nancie, true!"
"She is to be married!"
"What?"
"Her father is so haughty, he would spurn one like you from his threshold. He is a man of high rank and great power. He has taken an oath that she shall, within three days' time, consent to marry Count Ruberto, or else be banished from his house to a convent."
"Speak to me truly, Nancie!"
"I tell you," answered she, "only what the silent voices of the stars utter to myself. You love a lady whom her father has sworn to marry, within a very brief period, to Ruberto; and if he is not able to effect that union with her consent, then—"
"She goes inside a convent?"
"You have said it, Bando!"
"She shall not marry Ruberto!" exclaimed the young man, in a rising passion.
"Just as you will have it; so shall it be," said the crone, looking out into the sky.
"Is it only truth that you tell me?" he asked.
"Nothing more; it will all turn out even as I have told you."
Bando went out from the presence of the old woman in a state of great excitement, and in a few moments was in his gondola, that lay sleeping in the shadows of the high stone stairs. Plying his oar briskly, and guiding his slight craft only where the shadows fell the most darkly, he soon stopped in the rear of a magnificent garden, and, leaping from his boat, fastened it to the shore.
Taking a curiously wrought key from his pocket, he proceeded to unlock the gate with the same, and, swinging it back on its hinges, at once entered the garden.
He found his way, stealthily and cautiously, around the garden-walks, and at length came close to the mansion itself. It was one of the noblest of which even Venice could boast.
Stair upon stair he untrudgingly ascended, now proceeding guardedly along a colonnade, and now entering a secret doorway, and passing heedlessly on. At every place where he could catch a glimpse of the garden below, or of the unclouded sky above, he stopped and breathed afresh. His eyes expressed nothing but the very sternest resolution, and ever and anon his lip curled haughtily.
After an almost interminable series of windings and climblings, he finally reached the door of the room he would enter. Placing his hand without hesitation upon the fastenings, he opened the door and entered.
A light was burning dimly in the apartment, and its half-smothered and flickering rays shed a truly fearful gloom over the heavy tapestry and hangings that ornamented the walls and the windows. A magnificently furnished couch stood in the further part of the room and upon its soft and downy furniture was sleeping a human being.
Bando advanced on tiptoe toward the couch, and bent down to see if he could recognize the sleeper. The first hasty glance satisfied him, for immediately he erected himself to his upright posture, and stood with folded arms.
It was Count Ruberto that slept!
"Now has the fated hour arrived!" muttered Bando, half aloud. "How could I have stepped in to prevent its coming? How could I have given thee such a warning as thou wouldst have heeded? No—no; it was ordered that thou shouldst rush on thine own fate! It was ordered so!"
For a few moments, all was silent again. A gloom, as that of a tomb, pervaded the spacious apartment. He continued:
"Thou shalt not marry Viola, and here I swear it! She shall never become the bride of such an one as thou! Thou art but a coward, when awake—a traitor—a sneaking spy! It is for thee, and such as thee, to die violent deaths! The whole race of such merit nothing but violent deaths! And here it thine, waiting at the bedside for thee!"
On a sudden the sleeper became restless; and, tossing on his couch, he murmured in low and broken accents:
"Will him three days, Count Cesario! Ah—within three days! I will marry your daughter then!"
"Liar!" exclaimed Bando, the hot blood manning his cheeks; "thou shalt never marry Viola! I give thee my word!"
He placed his hand on his sword, and grasped the jeweled hilt of his dagger.
But the loud and unguarded tones in which he addressed his hated rival had the effect to rouse him from his slumber. Partially raising himself in his bed, he looked bewilderingly about him, and discovered to his amazement that his much feared rival, Bando, was at his side.
"What, ho!" shouted he, in his overpowering affright; "come, valet! come! Ho! help, ho! help!"
The words, however, had scarcely passed his lips, when he found himself suddenly held in the vice-like grasp of the powerful Bando, and thrust violently back again upon his couch.
Seizing now his dagger by the hilt, and drawing it from his belt, Bando exclaimed in a loud voice to his adversary:
"Death to all such villains!"—and plunged the blade into his heart.
Ruberto instantly stretched out his limbs passively in death, and his last breath left him. He was gone.
Without ever pausing to read the expression of the dead man's features, Bando (inconsiderately) left his dagger in the body, and effected a hasty retreat.

Again he found his way down the windings of the noble mansion as before, and, arrived at the garden gate, he applied his secret key to the same, and it swung back on its hinges.
In a twinkling he was in his gondola again, plowing the gleaming water, and hugging to his heart the satisfaction of his revenge.
CHAPTER V.
"Go to! I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. To a nunnery: go!"
There was a great stir in Venice, next day. Rumor ran with lightning rapidity all about the city, that the young Count Ruberto had been found murdered in his own apartment at an early hour that morning, and that the dagger of Bando, bearing his own name upon its jeweled hilt, was found buried in his breast.
The faces of many turned pale with affright, and people began to ask each other anxiously whether they could feel assured of their own safety, even when they lay down in their beds at night. The dreaded name of Bando was on every tongue, and a feverish wish was expressed on all sides that so bold a robber might at length be brought to his merited punishment.
Presently proclamation was publicly made from the lofty marble stairs of the dual palace, that any one who should either testify to any fact likely to bring Bando to the light, or who should himself capture and bring him before the Council, should receive double the reward previously offered for him. And it was further proclaimed, that if the person arresting him should chance to be an escaped criminal, or guilty of any misdemeanor toward the State, he should receive a full and free remission of all his crimes.
An offer so liberal could not fail to enlist the feelings of the entire body of common people—both those who would most need the reward, and those whose occupations would be most likely to throw them in the way of securing it.
On the wings of the wind the intelligence flew to all quarters of the proud city. Every tongue was busy over the enormous crimes of this bold robber, Bando, and every heart was secretly wishing that the glittering reward might become its own. Still, there was an undefinable mystery connected with his name, and all that he did was associated with the highest and most fascinating romance.
Viola was once again in the presence of her parent, now become fearfully stern, and her eyes were inflamed with long continued weeping.
"Count Ruberto is dead!" said her father. "He was found murdered this morning in his bed! And what is still more mysterious, he was murdered by Bando!"
"Father!" broke forth the astonished girl. "How do you know that?"
"His own stiletto was found in the Count's bosom. The name of Bando was wrought upon it. Is not that enough? I have my fears even of you, Viola."
"Of me?"
"Yes, of you! I fear that you have made known to him my determination respecting your marriage with young Ruberto."
"Father! you do me wrong! I have not seen Bando!"
"That may be; he may nevertheless have been somewhere near, to pick up the pregnant words you may have idly dropped. There is no power to say what he does not hear. Where he is, no one knows. We have this day proclaimed the offer of a larger reward than before for him, but I fear greatly if any reward is large enough to secure him. He seems omnipresent. His very being is a sealed mystery to us all. He lets us into only enough of his conduct to make the remainder still more mysterious. But come, Viola!"
"What, my father?" asked the still weeping girl.
"I have said that you should make up your mind either to marry Ruberto, or no one. Ruberto is dead, as I have said. You shall therefore be put out of the power of any other one, at once."
"But what would you do, father?"
"To the convent, I say! The old monk Petroni shall keep you closely in his charge till you are thoroughly cured of this passion for Bando. Your union with him would disgrace my name forever. It shall not be, Viola! I swear it!"
Again the child fell to weeping violently, as if she would not be comforted.
"Therefore prepare yourself, Viola. To-morrow, at noon, you will leave this place for the convent."
Thus speaking, he turned and left his child alone, and still weeping.
It was now the middle of the afternoon. The sun had but just begun to sink gradually down to his western bed, and Viola was in the chamber of the old nurse, Nancie. She was not accompanied by Juliet, for she had come to take a last fond farewell of her dear old friend, and would have none overhear what might pass between them.
"My dear old nurse," sobbed Viola, throwing her arms affectionately about the neck of old Nancie; "I must leave you, perhaps, forever!"
"And at this point she burst forth in a fresh fit of weeping.
"No, no, Viola! Do not talk thus, my child! Your fortune will surely change for the better. I know it will. Keep up a stout heart, my child; all will yet be well."
"But, Nancie, what hope can there be for me in the dismal walls of a convent? What hope is left to the wretched prisoner in the Pisoni dungeons, but to look forward wearily to his death? That is the only hope, too, I have left me!"

"You are disheartened, Viola. Your nerves are sadly out of tune."
"But, Nancie, to-morrow is the day on which I must go. My fate is upon me already; it has overtaken me. I feel its long, skinny fingers laying hold of me. Oh, I cannot endure it, Nancie, indeed, I cannot."
Thus did this lovely creature continue to lament her doom. She declared, again and yet again, that it would be a living death for her in the convent. She had but just begun to love the world, and the clouds in her sky were painted and glowing with the most beautiful colors. She had, in very truth, but just begun to realize some of the earliest and most charming dreams her heart had ever known. The first taste of the world's joys had given her a relish for them all, and it would surely be starvation to her heart to shut her up now, where she could never know them more.
When at last she took her departure, and embraced her kind-hearted old nurse, as she believed, for the last time, it had become quite dark, and the lights had begun to gleam and glimmer in the streets, and reflect themselves in the depths of the clear and glistening water.
She found her way stealthily back to her father's mansion again, and to her chamber. And once arrived there, she burst forth in an agony of grief that seemed utterly uncontrollable.
The next day, exactly at the hour specified, she was summoned into the presence of her haughty father, with whom was seated the old Monk Petroni.
Viola reluctantly obeyed the summons, too well knowing it was not to be disregarded.
While the conference between her father and Petroni was going on, she did not once so much as raise her eyes to the face of the person into whose spiritual charge she was about to be committed, but kept gazing abstractedly upon the highly wrought and costly carpet that covered the floor.
In due time all the preliminaries were adjusted. Count Cesario took final leave of his daughter, Juliet, her devoted maid, stood weeping by. The cortège was formed, and, stepping from the marble stairs on board the gondola provided, the young creature was borne away over the clear water toward a distant part of the city.
And by this single hasty act, the mansion of the proud and vindictive Count Cesario was left utterly desolate.
It will be remembered, that, after committing the fatal deed of the previous night, Bando at once took to his swift gondola and sailed silently away.
For miles he pursued his almost trackless course through the liquid-sheeted city, anxious, most of all, to escape notice and unfortunate detention. Occasionally he met with a lonely gondolier like himself, with whom he passed a careless word or two, and then he plied his oar with increased diligence and activity. Once he was suddenly set upon and pursued by a couple of strangers in a light craft; but he finally succeeded, by leading them through the darkest and most strangely intercrossed streets, in eluding them altogether.
He advanced, in good time, far out beyond all fear of pursuit or suspicion, even into the bosom of the broad and beautiful Adriatic. The night winds sang with a sad sweetness to his properly attuned heart, laden, as they were, with all the liquid melodies he had gathered on their wings from over the wide sea beyond. Softly shone the stars and the waning moon down upon him, as he sat thoughtfully and alone in his golden-beaked gondola on the face of the waters. Calmly breathed every influence from land and water at that midnight hour upon his breast, but a short time before so grievously torn.
As he drifted on, almost without purpose or pleasure, out over the dancing waters, he rested listlessly on his oar, and gave himself up to the control of his reflections and his dreams. About his finely shaped figure he wore his tunic of purple velvet. Upon his head sat jauntily his plumed cap, from beneath which shone a mass of most beautiful glossy hair upon his neck, and partially over his well-set shoulders. A sweet and sunny smile played over his faultless lips, betokening anything but the thoughts of a murderer within the breast of him to whom such a smile belonged. A pleasant fire kindled and flashed in his large and highly expressive eyes, and lit up all his features with a singular beauty.
Long and fondly he thought of Viola—her to whom his heart had long been wedded, and who already blest him with her own pure love in return. He thought not of himself as a murderer—a brigand—a robber—but only as the lover and preserver of the beautiful Viola. For her sake alone he lived; he thought and dreamed only of her, and for her he was willing to die. She reigned the perpetual queen of his loyal and devoted heart.
The waves spent their mimic power against the sides of his fragile craft, and in the heat and liquid flash of every one he saw and felt the powerless assaults of his sworn enemies, who were leagued to destroy him. The wind only sighed, or whistled gently in his ears, and so, he thought, also sighed and whistled even the loudest voices of those who were employed and combined to hunt him down.
Now, he turned himself fully around in his boat, and gazed back after the Imperial city—Venice, the queen of the seas, and the mistress of a hundred isles. It lay silently sleeping in the vast sheen of the moonlight. The silver rays of the queen of night fell salient on turret and dome, balcony and spire, and it seemed already as if they glided the spears of a huge army, halting with the stillness of death, in their tracks.

How many hearts—wondered he within himself—were, at that very moment, beating in mortal fear of him and his possible approach!

He tried to think why it should have first been set on by the inquisitors and their spies, the slightest whispers from the lips of whom were instantaneous death to such as they held in suspicion.

Then he swung his cap above his head, and all joined in one loud and hearty hurrah. Again, and yet again, it was repeated, at the same signal, until they made the very welkin ring.

"Fill! fill high to-night!" called out the excited and truly loyal men, grasping their goblets; "we drink to our master! We drink to Bando! the scourge and the terror of proud Venice, and a sealed mystery to all her rulers!"

The goblets were all poured full, even to their glittering rims; and as the rich wine went round, and each one was on the point of pressing his lips to his cup, again went up that voice:

"We drink deep to Bando! to the terror of all Venice!" and they drained the goblets to their very dregs.

The clear and musical voice of Bando! was now heard high over all. "Now for our song! We will tell our experience afterwards. But, first of all, our song! Bando! is with you all safely again. My men, sing and be merry!

"Sing, sing to-night! For our hearts are light, And the wine in the beaker is flashing; Hurrah for the strife Of a merry brigand's life, On the land and the waters dashing!"

"Sing, sing to-night! We heed not the flight Of time on his rustling pinions; For we're robbers bold and free, And none shall our masters be— We will ever rule our own dominions!"

"Sing, sing to-night! Not a care shall e'er blight The joy that we find in our roving; Not a living one shall stand Between our merry band And the hearts we are ever loving!"

"Then sing, sing to-night! For our hearts are light, And the wine in the beaker is flashing; Then hurrah for the strife Of a merry brigand's life— On the land and the waters dashing!"

CHAPTER VI. "The spirit that I have seen May be the devil! and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape."

Venice had a gala-day at last, for the Doge was about to give his daughter in marriage to one of the noble and famous house of Contarini, and the populace were allowed a peculiar license in honor of the great and glad event.

The marriage was that of the high-born Marina with her lover. The day and the hour for the celebration of the wedding festivities had come. In the high towers of San Marco and St. Paul the great bells sounded their most musical notes, throwing a new joy into the heart of the entire population.

perfect, a model of manly grace and proportion. His manners were, of all others, the most captivating to just such sturdy men as those upon whom his sparkling and gleaming eyes then gazed with such satisfaction.

They were now ranged about on the soft and velvety sward, attentive chiefly to the pleasures of the palate, and careless of what the next hour might bring. Close by his beautiful bride sat the happy bridegroom, conversing with her in tones of love and fondest devotion.

A sudden tremor passes over the delicate figure of the bride, and those around her fear that she may swoon away; but the bridegroom whippers a few words in her ear, and at once she becomes more calm.

He came up to the bridal party and respectfully bowed to them all; after which, he flung down his plumed cap upon the ground, and seated himself with an air of wonderful composure at the feet of the astonished bride.

No one spoke a word with him. No-one there knew how he should be addressed. All preserved a significant, and a momentary silence.

"I pledge thee and thy perpetual happiness, lovely bride, in this cup of sparkling wine!" An act of such character, and so gracefully done, too, no bride could refuse to acknowledge, particularly when accompanied with such an expression of sincerity and true feeling; therefore she raised her own flowing cup to her beautiful lips.

Then, instantly rising to his feet, he betook himself to the side of one of the gentlemen of the party, and sat down beside him.

Looking intently into his eyes for the space of at least a minute, yet saying nothing, he found that he had already sufficiently impressed him with terror, and then he thus spoke:

"You are Francesco? The other bowed his head mechanically, but made no reply. "You have sworn to have the life of Bando!," continued the young man, still gazing earnestly into his eyes.

The gentleman could not reply. All this passed in so low a tone, that not a syllable of it could be heard by the rest of the company. The stranger continued:

"Yes; I have heard of you. I know that you have given out. I know that you have sworn to have Bando!s life. Bando! is a brave man and a generous; but you have denounced him as a coward and a villain. No matter for that, however; Bando! is my friend."

"I have come to bring a message from him to you, this day," continued the stranger. "He bade me drink your health for him, and commanded that you should drink his also. You must obey him, or I cannot promise to answer for the result. Will you exchange goblets with me?"

The gentleman could not find it in his power to refuse, and so passed the stranger his own goblet, while he received his in return.

They lightly smote the rims of their glittering beakers together, and at once quaffed off the delicious wine. In a moment more, the stranger was at the feet of the lovely bride; and, lifting his jeweled cup from his head, he delivered with an air of great deference a little packet into her hands, which he particularly requested her not to open until he should be gone far out of sight.

"Again saluting the bride and groom, and the bridal party in its turn, the youthful and handsome stranger replaced his cap upon his head, and in a moment was gone from their midst. There was not an eye in the entire party that did not closely follow him.

Upon the ground, his mouth wide open, his eyes fiercely rolling about in their sockets, and his hands clenching frantically at the empty air. He was in the midst of most terrible convulsions.

The whole party ran in great haste to him, offering every kind of assistance and sympathy that humanity had it in its power to offer; but their kindly meant services were of no avail. The wretched man merely gasped and died.

Fear, such as rarely visits the hearts of men, then began to blanch the lips and cheeks of those whose faces were, but a short hour ago, wreathed with smiles and lit up with radiant sunshine.

When they were safely stowed once more on board their boats, they found that a very high wind had risen, and already the waves were tumbling and tossing about in a wildness of tumult that appalled the hearts of the gentler sex among the party.

Instantly the beautiful little craft pitched staggeringly into the watery gulf, and the young and helpless bride was cast headlong from her seat into the sea!

Up to this point their alarm had been so great as to prevent their noticing a little skiff that had been hovering close in their rear. In this skiff were seated a young man and a boy—the latter a mere stripling.

When these two discovered the sad accident that had occurred to the vessel just ahead, and saw likewise that in the present condition of the sea it would be impossible for those on board to turn back and rescue the drowning lady, the young man steered swiftly up to the spot where he saw her floating and wildly tossing about on the waves, and grasped her by her hair just as a huge wave would have disputed her possession with him.

Immediately afterwards, the youthful rescuer, with his boy companion, bore down for the luckless vessel that had lost its treasure in the sea, and it was not a long time before he came alongside. He tenderly passed the lady whom he had just snatched from the jaws of the sea, over the side of his own skiff into her vessel, where she was received by many anxious hearts and with outstretched arms, of which those of her own despairing husband were the first and foremost.

As the little skiff would have turned as quickly as possible again to make its own port, across the sea in another direction, the bridegroom hailed the young man, who appeared to be its commander, and demanded at least to know whom he was to thank all his life for the preservation of his bride.

"Bando!" shouted the other across the water; "the outlaw and the brigand!" and in an instant he was out of their hearing, and looking like a mere speck upon the turbulent waters.

At the ducal palace, that night, there was great rejoicing, when all had reached home and safety again, and when the accident, that had nearly destroyed the happiness of the Doge forever, was made known. But no tongue or pen could portray a tithe or tithe of the excitement that pervaded the palace, when it was also reported that he who had rescued the high-born bride from an ocean grave was none other than Bando!, the rebel. This last act of the outlaw fairly staggered the Doge in determining whether he ought not at once to forgive him all his crimes, and freely accept him again as a member of the State, and an inhabitant of the city.

SOME FACTS ABOUT TOBACCO, which those who use it will read and forget: Rees' Cyclopaedia says a drop or two of the oil, placed on the tongue of a cat, produces convulsions and death in the space of a minute.

A college of physicians has said that not less than twenty thousand, in our land, annually die by the use of this poison. Dr. Shaw names some eighty diseases, and says they may be attributed to tobacco.

Gov. Sullivan says: "My brother, Gen. Sullivan, used snuff, and his snuff lodged him prematurely in the grave." Boarman, of Belgium, was murdered in two minutes and a half by a little nicotine, or alkali of tobacco.

Dr. Twitohell believed that sudden deaths of tobacco, among men, were usually found together, and he sustained this opinion by an array of facts altogether conclusive. Three young men formed a smoking club, and they all died within two years of the time they formed it. The doctor was asked what they died of. He said they were smoked to death.

Written for the Banner of Light. LINES. Written on visiting the Asylum of the Blind. BY BELLA BURE.

The blind! the blind, are round me now, A groping, melancholy throng; With shades hung darkling on each brow, And hearts which thrill to mournful song.

They pine to see the wandering sun With golden scarf shut out the stars, Or track the glittering orbs which run Their fiery race o'er azure bars.

There is no morn for those who dwell In darkness through the circling years; The shrouded soul, in dreary cell, Broods pensive o'er its gathering fears.

The varied beams which charm the eye, The glance of hope, the flash of pride, Lights which in deep affection lie, Within their sightless orbs have died.

The changing tints which Autumn flings, In rich profusion o'er the field, The frost-white pearls which Winter brings, To them no beams of beauty yield;

The star-eyed flowers of early Spring, Which light the bowers where angels tread, In vain their heavenly beauties bring, Or glory round their pathway shed.

Mournful to feel the wings of years Beat idly round our spirit home, Nor see th' alternate smiles and tears Through which the chainless pinions come.

What spectre guests must haunt the soul, Thus trembling on its hermit throne! What waves of suffering round it roll, When passion wakes its deafening tone!

Sweet Human Love! thou deathless lamp Within our soul's sky-arches set, When night hangs o'er us chill and damp, Thy cheering radiance fingers yet;

The Power of Birds to Communicate Information to Each Other.—All birds are either daily or nightly employed in seeking out their food, and some, being at times more fortunate than others, undoubtedly possess the power of communicating their success to their own fraternity.

A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day, and meeting his besidle, he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "I watsn, sir, it was rather o'er plain and simple for me. I like these sermons the best that jumbles the joojgment and confounds the sense. Oo, sir, I never saw one that could come up to yours!" at that!

"Bill, I've been in real-estate a little lately," "Well, John, how much have you dipped in?" "Bought a lot in the cemetery, and half an acre just north of it."

"Just north—what the deuce did you buy that for?" "Going to live there?" "Yes, Bill, I want a home beyond the grave."

A Yankee in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water with such success that they lay boiled eggs.

SPIRITUALISM—ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, Jan. 19, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

It may be well for us to state that we intend to express what we conceive to be the truth; and that, in the utterance of these sentiments, we design no personality, but shall leave it to you to judge if the facts are correct or not; and if, sometimes, in the course of our remarks, we may seem severe, we have no excuse to offer but that which is implied in our sincerity of aim. Our subject on this occasion is a *True Exposition of Spiritualism—its Theory and Practice.*

On the occasion of this morning's discourse, we explained our views in reference to Christianity, the lofty truths it inculcates, and its inevitably high standard of morality; also, that there is, from some cause existing in all Christendom, at present, a lack of living faith in the immortality of the soul. Notwithstanding the acknowledged prominence of the purest virtue in the Christian scheme, still there is a want of pervading consciousness and abiding faith in man's eternal existence, which indicates a defect somewhere. Of this dearth of faith the Christian world itself has long been conscious; and to avert the evil consequences, various sects have arisen from time to time each one, professing to embody a more acceptable form of Christianity, and higher evidences of immortality. But we do not refer to the morning discourse, farther than to repeat, that, while we believe most distinctly in Christianity, as in theory the most saving, and in practice the most ennobling of all religions, yet there is an actual lack of faith in its divine authenticity, and in consequence, a lack of words to correspond. As in all Nature there is always an answer to every question, an antidote to every poison, a medicine for every disease, in the mental and spiritual worlds, there is a supply for every want.

The great cry of the nineteenth century, and even of previous ages, has been, "What evidence have we of the immortality of the soul? Christianity is beautiful and true, but we perceive not its miracles—they are not done to-day. Christ was crucified more than eighteen hundred years ago; his disciples have all disappeared; and to-day the Christian Church reveals a theory whose practice we acknowledge secures happiness; but how are we to know that the soul lives beyond the grave? We have a feeble hope of Christian salvation; we have the proffered remedy of an atonement, but all cannot avail themselves of it. What must be our evidence?"

From the world at large comes the response:—"There is no evidence! If a man dies, he shall not live again—all that makes the man is his physical organization—there is no life beyond the grave!"

From all the schools of science we hear the assertion, direct or implied, that the great idea of Immortality has no certain foundation in Nature—the voice of Faith grows fainter, and a death pall seems to close up every avenue of assurance respecting that world "from which no traveler returns." Suddenly, in the midst of all this doubt there rises something which, at first, the Christian decries as a demagogical imposition, and the Atheist derides as humbug, and every class in the community is united in deriding it. It is a faint voice, purporting to say, from the other world, "I am a departed spirit—I have lived upon your earth—have had a firm like yours. That form was put off and buried, but my spirit survived and addresses you now." "None sense!" exclaims one. "Humbug!" shouts another. "Devils!" cries the Christian world. The mysterious accents grow louder and more distinct, and, at length, many voices are heard chiming in chorus, proclaiming to the world that they are not dead, but living, and can hold communion with friends on earth. Those who cried humbug, now say but little; those who shouted Devil, nothing at all; and the voice is still heard, letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until it has framed the grand Epic written for humanity to read. Now, what does that Poem seem to say?

The theory, or creed, of Spiritualism, is distinct and practical. It is, first, that the human soul is immortal—that it exists beyond the grave—that departed, intelligent spirits who have lived upon the earth, can hold communion with friends still in human form—that, to effect this, they adopt every means within their power, whether rapping, tipping, or writing—in the form of mental or material impulses—and seek, by a constant series of communications, to reveal the beauty, glory and certainty of the life beyond the grave. This statement involves no embarrassment—it is clear and distinct. The message comes to all alike, and is expressed in the same way to every individual—sometimes in words of beauty and power, sometimes of the utmost simplicity—it is always to the same effect. It says to the mother, who has just clothed her infant in the garments of the tomb, and laid it away in its tiny coffin, never to be seen again on earth, "Mother, I am not dead, but living;" and when night steals on, and that mother's heart grows faint beneath its load of grief, a soft light, like that of moonbeams, is seen in the room, and behold, the form of her child, saying, "Mother, I am not dead, but living."

It comes to the gray old man, tottering on the verge of the tomb, and says, in the name of long vanished companions, "We are not dead, but living." The hosts of the departed throng around father, mother, brother, sister, wife, child, and all unite in the declaration, "We are not dead, but living, and can speak to you. We come with evidences of immortal life, with assurances that we love beyond the grave, that we guide your footsteps, guard you from danger, and relieve you from grief and care. We come to wipe away those tears of sorrow which hide heaven from your eyes; we bear messages of love, and real, tangible tokens of identity; we can tell of our departure, how we entered this stage of existence, what is our condition here; and when the portals of the grave shall have opened to receive their mortal coverings, your souls, too, beautiful and sweet, will step into our shining ranks renewed, young, divine!"

The theory of Spiritualism does more than this. If your loved ones are with you; if they can hover round you, bearing messages of love, and can express themselves through earthly mediums, does not this rob the grave of its terrors? If you can step from this life to another higher, better, purer, is not the grave the gate of happiness, instead of an abode of gloom? Is not death a messenger of light and joy, instead of an angel of darkness? All this Spiritualism reveals by facts too widely known to need repetition, if their number would allow of it—facts to which millions are ready to testify. If you require physical evidence, such as appeals to your senses, it is abundant and sufficient. If mental evidence, such as appeals to reason, that also is readily to be obtained. Each member of the class to which you are only waiting for you to ask, they may gladly give their testimony, and demonstrate their identity in many ways. We will go further. Spiritualism proves what Infidels, Materialists and Atheists have so loudly and boastfully denied, that what is revealed in the Holy Record is true. They can no longer deny the evidence of their own senses, though they scoff at prophets and apostles. Not only, therefore, has Spiritualism opened the way of immortality, but it has rendered doubly certain the truth and divine origin of the Christian religion. The practical religion of Spiritualism, in its pure and intrinsic character, is as simple and beautiful as its theory. It is this: If God is the Father of the Universe—the creating Spirit of all things and of all mankind—the Saviour is all truth, embodied in Jesus of Nazareth; the highest and holiest mind which has visited and watched upon our earth. The true spiritual doctrine of immortality is exemplified in his life and teachings; and Spiritualism, while it comprehends and recognizes all truth, includes no creed not in accordance with morality and justice, and fully accepts, as its criterion and standard, the doctrines of Christian religion and virtue, as ex-

pounded by Jesus himself. It believes in the revelations of the past by inspiration, because it teaches that inspiration is a law of Nature, a gift which is never withdrawn, and only requires faith like that of Christ and his disciples to render it a living and palpable fact. So much for its theory.

It will be acknowledged even by skeptics to be that which is most acceptable to humanity and best supplies their needs, by appealing most satisfactorily to both their reason and moral sense. For instance, it is not permitted by the creed of popular Christianity to believe that those who have departed this life can return, even to a consciousness of what their friends are doing, and we are told that, if they are not slumbering, in waiting for the judgment day, they are in some far-off realm of light or darkness, where they do not notice our existence.

But what of this doctrine which tells you they have but laid aside the body as a worn out garment, and entered upon a new life, in which they can and do return to watch over and protect the objects of their love; that the wandering child is shielded off by his spirit-mother; that many a kindly hand is extended from that invisible realm to save an erring mortal from downfall; that the father, whose declining years require a stay, has children who come from the other life to strengthen and encourage him; that the mother watches unseen over the oradle of her orphan babe, shields it from temptation and wrong, and guides it safe to manhood; that father and mother, brother and sister and friend are all waiting and anxious to greet those who will listen and receive their counsel? They profess no other purpose, have no higher object than to promote the happiness of those they loved on earth, and to perform the will of their Father in Heaven. Such is the theory announced by all spirits, and their desire, and such their business. It appeals to the religious, for it substantiates and proves that which Christianity has advocated for eighteen hundred years, viz: that man lives beyond the grave, and the fact of that existence is no slight thing to have thus proved; its conditions, of happiness or misery, may be determined in the light of subsequent discoveries. But Spiritualism also teaches that the future happiness of the soul depends upon the conduct of the human being on earth, and his degree of moral elevation; that every act, whether of good or evil, brings so much of happiness or misery to the spirit in the hereafter; in other words, that you literally make your own spirit-life by your life on earth, and enter the other world in precisely the same state in which you left this. Of course, the road of progression is not shut to you, but you cannot at once be transformed from a demon to an angel, by acknowledging, and repenting, in terror, your evil life. There must be a gradual, conscious working out of the evil; and if that is not done here, it must be done hereafter.

Spiritualism corresponds, also, to the intellectual requirements of advanced humanity. Skeptics long ago found out that the Bible does not agree with the teachings of Nature. Many things related by Moses are impossible in the light of geology, and more than one geologist has turned his brain in striving to reconcile the two. It is now seen that the old record expresses only what was true to the children of Israel. Spiritualism also expresses the fact that mind can control matter through other agencies than those acknowledged by the external senses; and it proves also that intelligence can be manifested only from an intelligent source. If a table or chair can be made to talk intelligibly, it must be the instrument of some intelligent agent, consequently, we must admit an unseen power to be present; and if identity be proved, we must conclude it is a disembodied spirit—so that all which skeptics have heretofore deemed incongruous in connection with the claims of Christianity, is now made out clearly and distinctly by the testimony of our own senses and reason. Such are the theories of Spiritualism; to enumerate the facts on which they are predicated would tax your patience too far. Your journals are filled with them, and numerous publications have given evidence which leaves no room for doubt. Myriads now live in this abiding faith.

But we have now to call your attention to some facts of a different class. There is no doubt that the shaft which Spiritualism has sunk has struck the vein of that feeling, *repugnance* in the United States and other countries, in which we have spoken in terms which are no less applicable to their mental and spiritual, than to their political status. They form a class who have never believed in anything, but are ready to adopt any form of belief, as occasion may require—from orthodox Christianity down to the latest "ism." They are the aids and reliance of the radical reformers—the destructives, who tear down old edifices indiscriminately and put up nothing in their stead. They consider themselves commissioned to reform the world. They decried Christianity and all other supports of law and order, recognized by society. They have been ready to seize upon every new doctrine—and it is not at all surprising that Spiritualism, which presents such an admirable cover for their designs, should have attracted many of these characters—and that in their hands it has become one of the most impossible and preposterous systems, both as to theory and practice, ever brought before the community. On the one hand, are susceptible minds who see in Spiritualism that which satisfies their affections and their reason; on the other are these rank social products, nourished by the moral miasms of every pestilent scheme which has ever floated for a while on the surface of society.

Thus it happens that we, as advocates of so-called Spiritualism, all the off-scourings of society, in a new shape. We have the *dissected* apostles, Mormonism, Fourierism, and every other "reform" movement which nobody has cared to adopt; and when the world recognizes these as leaders in our ranks, it stands aghast and says, "Why! these are the old nuisances revived—this Spiritualism is but another name for that which leads to immorality and the tearing down of all that is dear and sacred in our institutions. It opposes Christianity, and even seeks to violate the sanctity of the freestone;" and we are sorry to state that the conduct of those in general who profess to be Spiritualists confirms this judgment, and society has but too good ground for complaint and apprehension. It must be so from what we have stated.

The class of persons who are satisfied with all existing organizations, both in Church and State, and repudiate all moral and religious restraints which prevent them from consummating their schemes of evil, are glad to seize hold of any theory, however beautiful, which can be perverted to their purposes, and no doctrine is sacred from their profane and polluting touch, unawed, as they are, by any conceptions of religious sanctity, and undeterred by any considerations of social welfare. What is the result? It is that the general tendencies of Spiritualism have been not to elevate but to degrade its disciples in the moral and social scale, to break down all barriers which have been considered essential in a well-ordered community, and destroy every altar and shrine to which their rites and sacrifices could not be dedicated. Each member of the class to which we refer seizes hold of Spiritualism with the same idea—that he or she is to be made the Saviour of humanity by its means; every broken-down politician, or expelled church-member, seeks to engrave upon it his own audacious speculations, and to make spirits responsible for what he dare not openly advocate in his own person. Thus spirits are made the scapegoats for all manner of profane and unwholesome practices, and are regarded as commanding the invasion of all that is most dear and sacred to humanity. No crime so abhorrent, no folly so preposterous, that it has not been thus, directly or indirectly, fastened upon us, through those pretended and self-constituted expounders of our faith. If you have any doubt of this, you have but to look abroad over the land.

In the first place, Spiritualists have generally the reputation of being impure, atheistical, everything, in short, that is improper and unseemly. There is usually some ground for opinions so widely spread. In the next place, it is burdened with a number of ignorant and plausible professors of more or less talent, who belong to that always numerous class of

persons that have never paid their debts, and who seek to gain the means of an easy livelihood by fustling upon the credulous and innocent, in the name of our holy belief, theories which have no more foundation in Spiritualism than this building has in the Atlantic Ocean. With these facts before us, we cannot be surprised that Spiritualism has been unpopular, that there has been an universal clamor against it, or that every society with any claim to morality has refused to admit its pretensions. It is not surprising that many, after becoming acquainted with it, in this aspect, should have withdrawn from all recognition of it, and refused to countenance a system which is ignominiously to those who have advanced, and shame to those who have abused it. Nor is it all singular, that under such circumstances, Spiritualism should seem to wane and decline; that, like other evanescent doctrines, it has ceased to be a nine days' wonder, though, unlike others, it remains as a permanent warning to the world. With sorrow we say it—many are the families which have been desolated, from a mistaken idea that the theories of these self-appointed teachers of our faith are the genuine doctrines of Spiritualism. Many thousands are the hearts and minds which have been broken and overthrown through this fatal delusion. You may always view with distrust and suspicion that person, whether professing Spiritualism or anything else, who is loud and forward in the denunciation of all authority—save his own. You may be sure that such an one wishes to impose on the credulity of his hearers, either to gratify his vanity, or to fill his pockets at their expense. You may always suspect that class of persons who avail themselves of any new doctrine in order to set at naught all the rules of decent society. All such, you may rest assured, have no good foundation for their theories, whether as classes or individuals. Turn away from them; for true Spiritualism refuses to be contaminated by their advocacy.

You may always doubt those who, having risen from an ignoble position, announce themselves as appointed ministers to reform the world, for, having never received Christianity, they do not understand the first principles of true reform; they would revolutionize, but not in the right direction, and they leave nothing to mark the track of their progress but infamy and ruin. You may always doubt those who, under the pretence of being interpreters and instruments of the angel-world, seek to work out, wherever they go, their own selfish and ignominious ends. It is in consequence of their proceedings that the truths which come from the invisible world are so widely regarded with distrust, that society turns from Spiritualism as from a pestilence; it is because its tendencies are seen not to be of an elevated moral character that the world is unwilling to be seduced by a beautiful theory into practices which lead to inevitable ruin. Money—which is everything when properly used—credit, which is sometimes as valuable—have been sacrificed at the dictum of a mediocrity who has been directed from the other world to say to some credulous person that he must part with his means to benefit mankind. Thousands, in good position, and of virtuous characters, have incurred the blame of having deprived themselves, or their kindred, of material comforts and support, in order to serve the selfish ends of some adviser of this stamp. Never believe that a good and wise spirit from the other world would ever counsel you thus to render those dependent on you or anybody else, unhappy. Remember that Spiritualism, in its true and holy sense, advocates all that is holy, all that is pure, and all that is sacred, and comes not to destroy, but to add to the happiness of Earth's children; and whereas it is perverted and made an instrument of evil, it should be discountenanced by every lover of truth, no matter how the name of Spiritualism may suffer in consequence. It cannot suffer more than by tolerating the wrongs which are committed under the shelter of that name.

Further than this we might dwell on the practices of professed Spiritualists; but we have said enough to show that, while the doctrine presents the evidence of immortality, its abuse leads to such a perversion of what is good and true, that the Christian world cannot but condemn it, and none can tolerate it, save those who are willing to incur the brand placed on all who call themselves Spiritualists. There are those who occupy positions in which they cannot be thus assailed; and of these it is said, they are insane, or in their dotage; but all persons of sense, who value the esteem of their fellow-citizens, and would aid the cause of humanity, justice, Christianity, religion, and pure Spiritualism, will most surely enter their protest against anything which can, in any degree, give a coloring of truth to such reports, or confirm the sentence of condemnation passed by the popular tribunal, upon our cause and its advocates. We call upon you, in the name of all you hold most dear, and by the tenderest and holiest ties which bind you to humanity and the other world, to ignore, in theory, practice and support, anything at variance with the true, pure and good, in connection with this subject, and to avoid any person who appears in your midst, in the guise of a Spiritualist, and offers to you that which tends to overthrow the peace and happiness of any country, society or individual. We warn you, distrust those voices purporting to come from the other world, which advise you, in the name of your friends, as to personal matters, when they prompt you to any course which you know not to be right. Why, there are those who, not content with the evidences they receive of immortality, and the knowledge of the other life, seek to obtain, from this source, directions as to making money, or gratifying this or that petty caprice, or object of personal ambition; and oftentimes, forsooth, upon the authority of the spirit-world, some obnoxious person is stigmatized and consigned to ignominy!

Again, if there is any personal amour to be prosecuted, matrimonial alliance negotiated, or undivided treasure brought to light, the spirit-world must be appealed to to effect the object. Now, while it is very proper to seek the counsel of your spirit-friends on befitting subjects and occasions, it is not proper to try to pervert their high and holy offices to serve the purposes of mercenary gain, or of individual passion or ambition; and as surely as you attempt this, so surely will you receive for answer some communication not sincere and direct—some concoction of the medium's brain, which will lead you to speedy discomfiture, if not to certain ruin.

There are in Nature, high and undeveloped truths which no mortal can conceive of, and all these can be distinctly and clearly expressed by your friends in the higher life; and you will discern, in your questions, there will be equal discrimination in the answers you will receive; and if you come to search deeply and in a sincere and religious spirit, you will not go away unimproved or dissatisfied. If you are Spiritualists, by no means allow yourselves to be deceived by any theory which is connected with practices which your reason and moral judgment tell you are not founded in right. If you are not yet Spiritualists, accept, as the result of your future investigations, only so much of the theory as commends itself to your judgment and calm discretion. With these safeguards, and with the consciousness that our theory is the most beautiful and sublime ever brought before the world, we may hope that, when these superficial miasmas have passed away, Spiritualism will be like a clear and placid lake, reflecting the myriad lights of heaven, and revealing in its depths unnumbered forms of beauty. Then shall the life on earth be rendered so consistent with the life of eternity, that the one shall seem to merge into the other.

Let your minds be disciplined to understand that no soul, save that of God himself, can be the judge or arbiter of your salvation; and that no spirit, however lofty, can instruct you, except in perfect agreement with principles you have already learned. Beware, lest you be led to tear the sacred garland, and drag the spotless garment in the dust, for as surely as a righteous being rules, those who do these things will have to suffer punishment.

Guinness and half guinness are very pleasant "mint drops" for a man to have, even if they are all due-drops.

LIZZIE DOTEN AT LYOBUM HALL, BOSTON, Sunday Afternoon, January 26, 1862.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

DEATH AND ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

The lectress offered up a prayer to "the great Author of all change, who has ever manifested his unchangeable nature through changeable instruments," that all might drink of the celestial springs that shall fill their natures and purify them forever.

Her text was: "For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death." She said: Man cannot, in his material sphere, understand what death is. The theory may be presented, but he is left to speculate upon it and revolve it in his own mind; and he will never understand it till it has entered into his own experience. Every one must die in his own way, and have his own experiences, through death. There are some laws so general as to be presented freely to all. When we come to understand the facts and experiences of change, then we know what we have at best but believed before. In the midst of life we are continually in death. From the cradle to the grave, man goes through continued scenes of change. It is true that the body is always changing in life. The first day of infant life, the conflict begins, and the internal life begins to struggle with the external. It takes in nutriment, breathes in atmospheric air, and throws off its excreces, and it is like the progress of a god, in its unfolding through every fibre and nerve of its physical work-house; and as he unfolds from one state into another, the lower drops off and dies. As the poet has said:

"Life evermore is full of death,
Through earth and air and sky,
And that a rose may have its breath,
Some other thing must die."

That animal life may be sustained, the grass and flowers die, and in order that the human may grow, the animal must die; in order that the spiritual being may be introduced into different circumstances and a higher development and more favorable atmosphere, man himself must die. Man extracts the kernel of life, and throws away the shell; eats the fruit and throws away the rind. The question arises, is this, that lives after the mortal encasement is thrown away, dependent upon the chemical relations of the body? If it is, when the body dissolves, then, as an inevitable consequence, the body and spirit are alike mortal, and both must die.

The question has been asked, where the spirit resides, and some philosophers say they have found it—a little spot in the brain they have called the seat of consciousness. There are nerves of sensation running all through the being, but here they end. Thither all the messages of the external world are brought, and from thence are sent out all the currents of power. Yet there is unconscious action all up and down through the physical being, by the little nerves seemingly acting upon their own responsibility; so it is not for us to determine where is the residence of the soul.

There is a central power of consciousness in the spirit, and if man goes forth from his physical body, where does he go? and if he is mortal, to what laws is he subjected? All those laws are natural, but they transcend man's actual knowledge. Man trusts much to his senses, and is apt to believe only what he can touch with his finger, and see with his eye; to believe only what he can handle, and is palpable to his material senses. But are not heat, light, and the various gases, all material?

As the spirit inhabits the body, or parts of it, man asks how the spirit departs. Let us first find how the spirit passes into the body, and that by analogy. How do you kindle your fire? By light, combustible material, you will say. But it might lay till the Day of Judgment, unless fire was brought in contact with it; then again, how do you kindle the fire? You say, in this day of modern inventions, you have the friction match to aid you. Very well, lay the match with the combustible material, and there is no fire. You must make use of the power of friction, and apply it to your combustible material, and you have fire. Do you not see you had to make use of the power of friction before you could build the fire? So, from the analogy, you ask where is the friction match of man's being? See, too, the savage, who has not your modern inventions to aid him; he rubs two pieces of wood together, and produces heat, and then fire. You perceive then, the spirit was hidden in the wood, and only waiting for the friction or the motion to bring it to the surface and into play. Now God is the great motive power of the universe, and we find motion the manifestation of the divine power. Nations, principalities and powers bow down before the divine mystery that God himself rubbed together the materials that produced the heat, fire and flame of Spirit. Now, the power has descended to humanity, and let us make it more clear, and see how the heart of the material universe was kindled up by Deity. Once, all the material of which you are composed, was invisible. Once, you were only thoughts in the mind of distinct human beings; even as all inventions are embodied thoughts. It was first a picture, an image on the brain, worked out in the laboratory of Deity, and going through all the line of being till at length it became through all the varied changes, a human being.

We have shown you how the soul is kindled by motion, and how it is kindled up through all his being. Now, how does the fire go out? When the fire is once kindled and burns, it is because there is an affinity between the fire and the fuel. There is a principle in the fuel to which the fire has been communicated, and the fire will continue to burn as long as there is any fuel to be consumed. Look at your common wood fires. What is left when heat and fire disappear? Only ashes. So the spirit fire in man burns, eats and devours all the animal strength given to sustain it, and then retreats, even as the fire lives in the wood so long as there is the element to feed the flame, but when that is exhausted, it leaves the wood, and it becomes ashes. So the spirit, when it has burnt its way through the forces of life, is born through the brain, which is the womb of life, into the spirit world.

When man dies, he dies from the extremities; the hands first grow cold, because they have no longer the proper kind of food for life to feed upon; life withdraws, till it reaches in the bulbous root of man's existence, the head, and dies upward from thence into the world of spirits—from the highest state in mortal life to the lowest state in the spirit-world, and then onward in new creations to the feet of God, Oh, great and wondrous change! When we have beheld battle-fields strewn with the living and the dead, we have seen great hearts from the spirit-world, glorious spirits gently covering poor shattered brains from the relations of mortality. We

have watched them tenderly, and borne them with rejoicing to the glorious kingdom of God.

Now the old Gnostic idea was that sin belonged only to the flesh; and it has also been contended that the soul is material, and dies a physical death, and from the resurrection rises to share eternal bliss or slinks to be damned forever. We do not put to you this old idea as truth, yet there is a degree of truth, a partial truth in it. The thought of God is perfect, as much in one sphere of life as another—as much in the populous city as in the solitary home in the forest wilds. Whatever man does, he but works out through the mediumship of Deity. If man can do this in this world, how much more glorious shall be the idea when man shall be free from the association of these things of material life, which obscure his sight and obstruct his sense, and, surrounded by the presence of kindred spirits, he sees the light which dies not, chaining solar system to system; and feels the kindling of another love, or the warmth of a new life, to exist forever and forever. Oh, man with your immortal progress forever with you, and rising till its beautiful and glorious summit is lost in the infinite, oh, if you could once understand the eternal mysteries and the serene beauties of the spirit-world, in all their fullness, you would be impatient to break the bonds which hold you, and spring forward at once into the eternal future. But, by infinite wisdom it is concealed from your view.

Man is prone to ask, if my soul has a material birth, and I have evolved it from my spiritual body, and have entered the spirit-world with all my idiosyncracies, individuality and sins, shall I, must I go into the presence of God and the pure-eyed angels? Oh, poor humanity, how limited is your vision. Is one thing imperfect, because it is not some other thing? Are not all things in man's existence necessary in their places, and shall not you, just as you are, with all your wickedness and deformity, occupy some important place in the eternal spiritual realm?

He who looks at the evil alone, will prove man a fit subject for eternal damnation; and he who sees good alone, will declare him already fit for the companionship of the angels. We must pass between these two extremes.

John Calvin taught that from the foundation of the world, some were predestinated to eternal damnation, and some to eternal salvation, and this not because of their merit or demerit, but simply because it was God's good pleasure. This was his first tenet. The second was this—that Christ died a full and free redeemer of humanity, and from his death, the burden of sin shall be plucked to all humanity; yet, nevertheless, those elected to salvation, should be saved, and those fated to eternal punishment, should be damned. His third tenet was, that man was naturally thoroughly and entirely corrupt; all the goodness ever in his soul was killed by the fall of his first parents, and he can do no good thing, and think no good thought; and it is only by the whims of God that he is to be saved. His fourth tenet was, that by no exertion or desire on their part will men be saved from the wrath of Deity, if predestined to destruction, and by no deed of the flesh will they forfeit God's boon of eternal bliss, if foreordained to eternal bliss. Though a man may believe himself damned, yet some time he will be lifted to his estate of perfect bliss. The last of these links, in the chain of Calvinistic theology, which is worse than any of others in blasphemy against humanity, is, that though elected to be saved, men may continue in wickedness, and get their fill of iniquity, yet God will bring them to himself and to their inheritance of salvation in the end; while no amount of well-doing on the part of others can affect the immutable decrees of Deity, and prevent their damnation.

Man has accepted this doctrine in the past, because he has been worshipping a God made in his own image, or in the image of his own baser passions. Why did Calvin believe in the doctrine of predestination to eternal torment? Was it not in keeping with the spirit of the man who would cause another to be burned to death at the stake for disagreeing with him in matters of theology? Was he not a fitting instrument to teach of a God of vengeance—he who could sit calmly and witness the burning of Servetus the Catholic, and draw inspiration from that event to strengthen him in his course?

But why need humanity worship Calvin's God? It has served its purpose, and we will be free to say it has in the will of Deity had its use and performed its mission; and now let it be buried in the olden past, and buried so deep that the trump of resurrection shall never call it out again. Such was the Church of Calvin, and such its origin. Calvin borrowed it from the savages. The cannibal roasts his enemy and devours him—damns him as far as he is capable of it. The American Indian ties his enemy to the stake, burns him to ashes, and scatters them to the four winds of heaven. But it was left to Calvin to teach that the spirit of man was to be thrust down to hell-fire, and that the tortures the barbarian inflicts upon his enemy's body, God will inflict upon the soul of his enemies, yet with all the tortures added thereto, that an infinitude of mind and purpose could suggest.

John Calvin's religion was the idol of his sect. There have been other idols built, perhaps not so hideous and terrible, but yet only idols. Some men see something attractive in man, and declare he is not to be destroyed; so they build up a new idol. They declare the Almighty is a good God, and loves all his children, and will save them all—and thus far it is true. This creed is built upon the command of Jesus, to call God father. Now, of the followers of this creed, there are two sects—one termed Restitutians and the other, Universalists. Once, though in some respects synonymous, they were distinct, but now are merged together. It was the doctrine taught through the mediumship of Jesus, and by all the early fathers of the Church, and was preached with all their vigor and eloquence through three or four centuries, and was considered perfectly orthodox up to the time of the fifth general Council, in the year 553, and from that time was set aside, and became lost in the obscurity of the dark ages, when the clear face of God was no longer seen. At length the doctrine was revived again when the pressure was removed from humanity, and loving hearts and thinking brains dared to manifest themselves, and proclaim that the world was made for some good use, and humanity not made in vain; that God is a good being, and loves his children, and will bring them, all up to pass in the future.

John Murray believed in the universal atonement of Jesus Christ, but that some experienced sorrow and tribulation, because of hardness of heart, and unbelief, even after they have entered the celestial sphere. Winchester, another advocate of the Universalist doctrine, declared that he believed in a literal lake of fire and brimstone, and yet he declared that

though the soul might suffer thousands of years in that burning lake, it was only for the soul's good, and its purification from sin; and that it was necessary that the soul should pass through it, in order to be purified and take its line of march onward therefrom, forever and forever. In 1818, Hosea Ballou declared all men were perfectly pure and happy when they entered the material state of existence, and though the life might be full of suffering and punishment, earth was the true hell, and at its end all men would become pure as the angels, in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye. But his doctrine was not acceptable to the masses. Another teacher declared that this was a world of probation and if we did wrong here, we should be unhappy hereafter. Let us see which was the most rational in this matter.

You cast the seed into the earth, and it dies, and yet who would believe that from such an insignificant, strangely shaped seed, a lily or a rose would spring forth? Now, when man dies, he is like the seed. He has all his spiritual capacity in his being, and his God arrays it in such a garment as pleases him—such a garment as its interior must necessarily unfold, when the change comes to burst the husk and expand the germ. All the rose seeds in the world spring up roses in the spirit-world. You find many mysteries before you, as you try to penetrate nature's secrets, because man is not perfect, and the finite cannot grasp the infinite; yet man is continually receiving new ideas, and at times severe spirit discipline must be undergone, the purpose of which he knows not, and the effects of which he marvels at. Yet it only proves man to be a progressive being, and it is a long, long journey from cause to the ultimate effect. You may call the result of your deeds punishment, yet it is not punishment—only natural effect. Thank God for all the painful and sorrowful conditions he can put upon us; thank Infinite Wisdom for all his care for us, under whatever relations. Wisdom comes to us by disobeying the commands of God, and for that we were reformed from the foundation of the earth, to be either damned or blessed. From each damnation we are redeemed by our own sufferings and elevated to a higher step in the pathway of progression. When you have tracked your devious way up that toilsome pathway, will you gain a true and correct idea of what death is. So you can receive it according to your capacity as intellectualized and spiritualized beings; and you shall put all your enemies beneath your feet, and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. It is now to us a mystery, and not finding the golden key to his prison house, man is a slave to the necessity of preserving his life. Now there shall come one who shall find the key, and unlock the door, so that man may come out and go in again at will.

Man fears the pain incident to the passing out of the spirit from the body. He often fears not to be dead, but dreads the pain which attend the cutting or the breaking of the golden cord of life; but when man becomes so perfect in himself, that he can see the philosophy of his nature, he shall see clear through the outer walls of his being, and Death shall become a science, and be regulated by law, and man shall be taught to die decently; then man shall not go like a trespasser into the spirit-world. You must first learn how to live correctly, and then you will find how to die, and die beautifully. Live to be good old men and women, and then all your richness shall burst forth from your material encasement as the nuts drop from the burs in Autumn, when the frost has laid its finger upon them. You shall stand up and conquer death as Christian did Apollon in the Valley of Humiliation. Man shall make death his servant and use him as his master. Then the creed of Calvin will go to the wall, and there will no longer be need to teach the principle that

"The fear of hell is a hangman's whip, To hold the wretch in order."

Man when he has cast off his chrysalis form, will not fall a senseless feather upon the bosom of the angels. Instead of becoming the inheritor of a life of inert existence, because he has reached a state of perfection, he has got something to do with this life; and to educate his spiritual power, he must still strengthen his nature by drawing new truths from the Eternal.

Go to your homes. Fear not the glorious hosts of the angels; fear only your own weakness, and your infidelity to yourselves. Eternal happiness—it is yours forever. God has made you heirs to the kingdom, and his good pleasure shall be fulfilled.

Evening Discourse.

The evening lecture or exercise, rather, was a sort of melange—a conference between various spirits, each characteristic in itself, and each separate from the other. The medium stood as an interpreter between the spirits and the audience, who receiving the psychological thought of each spirit, and clothing it in words, giving it to the audience.

Benjamin Franklin first appeared, giving the audience a lecture on the relations of electricity and magnetism to the human and spiritual being, in which he convinced the audience that the highest wisdom of earth was but the cast-off thought of the spirit-world.

He was followed by the old Indian Samoset, whom history has brought down to us as the friendly Sachem whose "Welcome, Englishmen!" was such a touchstone to draw together and cement the friendly feeling between our Pilgrim ancestors and their Indian neighbors, which lasted upward of half a century. The Indian's talk was bold and impressive. He talked of the Indian Great Spirit "Kiohtan," and the evil spirit "Hobomoko," and favored the audience with a good taste of Indian theology.

The spirit of Robert Burns then gave the audience in luxurious Scotch accent, the following poem. No one knowing his style and tone of thought, can fail to see the character of Scott's bard in the following

POEM BY BURNS.

Is there a luckless wight on earth, Oppressed w' care and a' that, Who holds his life as little worth, His home is Heaven for a' that— For a' that, and a' that, There's muckle joy, for a' that; He's seen the worst o' hell below, His home is Heaven, for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that, The Lord is gild for a' that; The De'il himsel' can turn and mend, And come to Heaven for a' that.

Ann Lee, the mother of the Shaker race, next made herself manifest. She gave an epitome of her biography, and narrated her close relationship to the doctrine of modern Spiritualism.

Elder Brewster, the first Paritan pastor, announced himself as having been attracted hither by his good friend Samoset, and he warned his descendants against the sin of self-love, which had been a stumbling block in the way of the Puritans in the olden time.

His remarks were followed by the following Poem by Poe. It is more original in its conception than any yet given by this spirit through Miss Doten; and though they all are so closely marked by his bent and style of mind, to be for a moment questioned as his productions, yet in those which have come before—with the single exception of the Poem of "Vala," whose bold images burn into the brain of the reader forever—we have always been reminded of some production of his earthly genius. The present is boldly original, and at the same time characteristic in style.

POEM BY POE.

THE CRADLE OR COFFIN.

The Cradle or Coffin, the robe or the shroud, Of which shall a mortal most truly be proud? The cradle rocks light as a boat on the billow; The child lies asleep on his soft, downy pillow.

And the mother sits near with her love-lighted eyes, Sits watching her treasure and dreamily singing, While the cradle keeps time like a pendulum swinging, And notes every moment of bliss as it flies.

Lullaby baby—watch o'er his rest! The dear little fledgling asleep in his nest. How blest is that slumber—how calm he reposes, With his sweet, pouting lips, and his cheeks flushed with roses.

Oh, God of the Innocent, would it might last! But know, thou fond mother, beyond thy perceiving, The Parcae are near him and steadily weaving, The meshes of fate which around him they cast!

Lullaby baby—let him not wake! Soon shall the bubble of infancy break; Life with its terrors and fears shall surround him, Evil and Good with strange problems confound him.

And as the charmed bird to the serpent is drawn, The demons of hell from his proudest position Shall drag down his soul to the depths of perdition, Till he bitterly curses the day he was born!

The Cradle or Coffin, the blanket or pall— Oh, which brings a blessing of peace unto all? How still is the coffin! no undulant motion; Becalm'd like a boat, on the breast of the ocean.

And there lies the child, with his half-curtained eyes, While his mother stands near him, her love-watch still keeping, And kisses his pale lips with wailing and weeping, Till her anguish is dumb, or can speak but in sighs.

He needs not a lullaby now, for his rest; The fledgling has fluttered, and flown from his nest. He starts not, he breathes not, he knows no awaking, Though sad eyes are weeping and fond hearts are breaking.

Oh, God of all mercy, how strange are thy ways! Yet know, thou fond mother, beyond thy perceiving, The angels who took him are tenderly weaving His vestments of beauty, his garments of praise.

Oh, call him not back to earth's weariness now, For blossoms unfading encircle his brow; From glory to glory forever ascending, His soul with the soul of the Infinite blending.

Great luminous truths on his being shall dawn, With no doubts to distract him, or stay his endeavor, He shall bless in his progress, forever and ever, The day that his soul to the Kingdom was born.

The Cradle or Coffin, the robe or the shroud, Of which shall a mortal most truly be proud? The Cradle or Coffin, the blanket or pall, Oh, which brings a blessing of peace unto all? The Cradle or Coffin, both places of rest— Tell us, oh mortals, which like ye the best?

A Shameless Practice.

"Jennie June," the witty and pungent dispenser of the Parlor and Sidewalk Gossip in the New York Sunday Times, gives the following well-deserved hit at her sex in the last number of that paper:

"The habit of wearing powder, or some sort of disguise for the complexion, has now become so common that there is no longer any attempt at concealment. Formerly it was put on stealthily in the retirement and privacy of home, or with a careful look about to see that no gentlemen, at least, were in sight; now, the box or flannel, or whatever contains the preparation, is taken out in a room where persons of both sexes are constantly passing and repassing, and the face, the neck, the arms are carefully re-touched up to the proper degree of chalky impenetrability. It is frequent enough to see young ladies doing this for themselves or for each other; but the most disgraceful sight we can recall was a mother taking the ball of powder and the flannel from her own pocket, and publicly and shamelessly chalking her daughter over her face, neck and arms, before proceeding with her to the ball-room! What a lesson was this of trickery and deception for a young girl to learn from her mother! It made the heart ache to witness it and know that truth and sincerity must have been as carefully excluded from her soul as the natural color from her face."

LOSSES AT THE NORTH BY THE REBELLION.—To New York city, the South owes \$160,000,000; to Philadelphia, \$24,000,000; to Boston, \$7,000,000; to Baltimore, \$19,000,000. The entire indebtedness to these four cities is \$211,000,000, and it is estimated that there is about \$90,000,000 more due to the rest of the loyal cities and the States of the North, making a total of \$300,000,000. In dry goods alone, Boston lost \$2,000,000.

THE HON. BEN. WOOD AS A NOVELIST.—The firm of Carlton (late Rudd & Carlton) has in press, and will soon publish, a novel, by the Hon. Ben. Wood, entitled "Fort Lafayette; or, Love and Secession." This novel will be such a great literary curiosity in its way that we sincerely hope the government will not find it necessary to suppress the work, as it suppressed Ben Wood's romantic productions in the defunct Daily News. Ben. Wood came very near having an intimate personal acquaintance with the interior of Fort Lafayette at one time, and we suppose his novel describes what would have happened if he had been sent there. In this view of the case, it strikes us that the title "Love of Secession" would be much more appropriate for the book.—New York Herald.

Banner of Light.

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THE BROADER FREEDOM.

The "divines" were not long ago discussing the theories put forward for the "Broad Church;" the people are now even more seriously discussing the theory—nay, the probability—of a Broader Freedom. Many years ago, that great and pure man—Dr. Channing—wrote as follows: "The fate of this country depends on nothing so much as on the growth or decline of the great idea which lies at the foundation of all our institutions—the idea of the sacredness of every man's right, the respect due to every human being. This exists among us. It has stamped itself on our government. It is now to stamp itself on manners and common life—a far harder work. It will then create a society such as men have not anticipated, but which is not to be despised, if Christianity be divine, or if the highest aspirations of the soul be true."

This is but a modest hint of the opening of the door which we have lived to see this day. All signs testify to us of the glorious coming of a larger freedom than the world ever knew. The scales are beginning to fall from men's eyes very fast now. The logic of events, of which more or less talk has been made in the past, is a sterner and more thorough teacher than any that is to be got out of discourses, or newspapers, or books. We are on the eve of mighty changes, not more in the State than in the church. We have stood and foretold this epoch for some time, and firmly believed that the bright morning sun would certainly shine for us all.

It is as Dr. Channing says—as any man of perception can himself see, that this sacred respect for the rights of others, this spirit of charity and love, of justice and duty, is beginning visibly to stamp itself on manners and common life. It is indeed a "far harder work," in most respects, than to make an impression upon public servants and government institutions, for it touches the very life and core of all institutions—the hearts of those who imperceptibly establish them. But the waves of this vast sea are all moving at last, clapping their hands and lifting up their voices with the glee that inspires them.

Among the items and results of this larger freedom which we have long struggled to enjoy, and which will now be enjoyed all the more because it is not to be conceded by authority, like a favor, but taken like a possession—we need enumerate but one or two for the gratification of all well-wishers to the race, and all workers for human happiness. Chief of all, comes the larger liberty—granted without a word either of request on one side or of protest on the other—of thinking without the restraints of an outside and offensive censorship. These changes in the State are sure to bring on the corresponding and long-sought changes in society, and in church. They will come almost without being seen, so natural and rapid will be the change. They will come all the more rapidly, too, because they are just what the popular mind has been patiently praying and fighting and preparing for.

We shall have less of party domination, too, and chiefly in politics. While we concede that there will—in our day, at least—always exist two antagonistic bodies in the state, constituting the centrifugal and centripetal forces without whose combined action no state can be either progressive or powerful, we are ready to assert and insist that that old-fashioned spirit of rank partisanship, under whose degrading yoke so many great and noble spirits were forced to come, will from this time forth cease to hold the sway it has hitherto enjoyed in our history; men are to be more men, and not so much machines for others' uses; having become thoroughly grounded in a few of the leading principles of this larger liberty, the mass of minds will sturdily refuse to give over their faith even for the temporary adjustment of issues that will have finally to be settled all over again, and settled in some other way.

Thus, in Church and Society, there is to be exercised a broader freedom of thought and a wider range of vision. Can the ways of such influences recede, except to gather greater strength for their next onset? We can never believe it. The forces of nature move forward, and not backward; and all the seeming to go back is but a hidden pledge of a still greater onset forward. It is no more than the plain result of the countless liberal thoughts that have been rained down, these many years, into the minds of the masses. The people—it is they who make institutions, not the law-givers, and the politicians. The average of people's sentiments and opinions form the true tone of society, and if this mass of mind has been thus worked upon and worked over by generous sentiments and liberal opinions, so long, it is among the impossibilities that one jot or tittle of its rich possessions should be abated either by accident or selfishness now. The result is sure, and cannot be averted or delayed. The common mind is on the move, and will not stop till it has gone out of its house of long bondage.

We cannot as well sum up the unparalleled glories and triumphs of the better time—already come to the eastern windows and looking in joyfully on us—than by repeating the grand words of Emerson, when he speaks of man's making all things created subservient to his own growth and glory; "If love, red love, with

tears and joy; if Want, with his scourge; if War, with his cannonade; if Christianity, with its charity; if Trade, with its money; if Art, with its portfolios; if Science, with her telegraphs through the depths of space and time, can set man's dull nerves throbbing, and, by loud taps on the tough chrysalis, can break its walls and let the new creature emerge erect and free—make way and sing psalm! The age of the quadruped is to go out—the age of the brain and the heart is to come in. The time will come when the evil forms we have known can no more be organized. Man's culture can spare nothing, wants all the material. He is to convert all impediments into instruments, all enemies into power. The formidable mischief will only make the more useful slave. And if one shall read the future of the race hinted in the organic effort of Nature to mount and meliorate, and the corresponding impulse to the better in the human being, we shall dare affirm that there is nothing he will not overcome and convert, until at last culture shall absorb the chaos and gehenna. He will convert the Furies into Muses, and the hells into benedict."

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Boston Herald contains the following pointed allusion to the mercenary and ill-blooded course this Review pursues in relation to American affairs. It is time such literary Tycoons as Blackwood should be brought off the stilts upon which the literary snobs of America have done so much to place them, and which owe more of their influence to American circulation than anything else. We commend the closing paragraph to our readers. "We have before us a copy of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for January. In it is an article under the head of 'The Convulsions in America.' The article is exceedingly abusive and ill-natured toward us as a Nation, and is down upon our Government. It sympathizes with the South, and tells the American people that they are nothing but a mob. We mention this fact, not to write this publication into notoriety, but simply to say that those who spend their money in purchasing this aristocratic and foreign libel afford aid and comfort to the enemy."

The English Reviews have often taunted us with having no standard literature in America, though at the same time they claim Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Longfellow and Emerson as their proteges; and our literati have been too prone to give a silent acknowledgment to this impudent claim. Now let us have a literature as American as our politics. Our Christianity is rapidly becoming Americanized. In science and art we have left slow-moving Bull a long way in the background; and we can yet teach our beef and ale loving brothers that our Declaration of Independence was broad enough to cover all our needs, and we have no favors to ask of them in either of those channels.

We will still cultivate Bull's regard in commercial relations, as much for his good as ours, and because his soul is a commercial one, and by no means up to our standpoint in the finer qualities. Let the Mother Country hug her dead past; let her cherish the dead reputations of her sons; we have a living present and a pregnant future. And though we are having a family quarrel, we are perfectly able to settle it ourselves, and Great Britain may turn her attention to her starving subjects in Ireland, and her slaves in the East Indies.

Our Club Rates.

Certain of our subscribers who have received their papers at club rates, send us \$1.50 for a year's subscription for a single paper after the expiration of the time for which they subscribed as members of the club. Of course it is impossible for us to comply, for the reason that a club of less than three copies for \$5.25, or four or more copies at \$1.50 each, would but little more than pay for the white paper on which the BANNER is printed and the cost of mailing. It is only by reason of a great number of clubs that we are enabled to afford our paper at club rates. We could not possibly furnish single copies at club rates, even if our circulation was doubled, unless we reduced the size of the paper, had our labor performed at half price, paid nothing to our corps of contributors, and occupied our premises rent free. When our paper-makers furnish us at half price, and everything else in the shape of expense is reduced one half, we may be able to send our paper at \$1.50 a year for single copies; but so long as we furnish so good a paper, as everybody says we do, it is but fair that we should be paid the low sum we ask for it singly or in clubs, for which we have and will continue to publish a journal second to none of its class on this continent.

Get Ready for Spring.

Yes, for the beautiful (though brief) season is actually coming. Already the men of the gardens are preparing their hot-beds, or making their first rows toward it; the birds far South are no doubt thinking (instinctively) of their pleasant summer haunts and homes; the turtles and frogs in the marshes are feeling the gentle pricking of the new season's heat, and lie uneasily in the mud where they have hibernated; the very buds at the ends of the sprays feel the influence of the lengthening days, and are getting ready to leave, all in due time. A close observer of nature will be able to detect many a sign of the Spring's approach, which a more careless heart would pass by, and thus lose its beautiful lessons. The winter is more than half spent already; have we ever thought of that, since the fifteenth of the month? And how many a heart leaps up, and how many pulses bound with a warm gladness, to feel that it is now but a few weeks to the joyful spring-time, and that the beautiful months of summer will all follow in its train!

Moderation.

Many a man has, before now, thought of the propriety of moderating his wants and desires in the world, but not all even of these many have ever resolved to set about doing the thing their hearts secretly approve. The present crisis, however, compels them to make a virtue of necessity. They are obliged to bring down their ideas to a modest standard now, if never before. And it is a little surprising, too, to find what numbers of persons are suddenly become practical philosophers about these matters; to see how adroitly they scheme, and how skillfully they manage, to reduce to practice the very theories which but recently they had broached. In this sense, the hard times is certainly doing all sides good, for the moment a man seriously makes up his mind that he wants nothing beyond a certain reasonable limit of material goods to make him happy and aid in the proper development of his nature, the scales have fallen from his eyes, and he has become a new and better man. For the first time then, he really knows his possibilities.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LOVE. BY H. B. STORRE. Love is the atmosphere of Heaven, That spirits best inspire, The water of eternal life, The Pentecostal fire. Love is the breath of Innocence, Of beauty 'tis the bloom; Love is the holiest flower of earth That lives beyond the tomb. Love is the quaking spirit shed Abroad upon the earth; That wakes to life the seeming dead, And brings a second birth. Love is the fountain—love the stream, To which all pilgrims haste, Eager to quench their burning thirst, Its grateful coolness taste.

The Boston Churches.

The Boston Churches of the first class, says the Transcript, have felt the effects of the war, the past year. Upon inquiry, we find that the annual receipts of some city churches have been diminished a thousand dollars, and in others the falling off reaches fifteen hundred dollars, while the expenses have been the same as in previous years. In several instances the deficiency has been made up by the liberality of members of the society. This falling off of income, and the consequent depreciation in pew property, have suggested the union of two or more churches of the same denomination in the central and western portions of the city. Should the political troubles continue, these new combinations will become matters of necessity. At least fifteen churches in this city, belonging to five different sects, could well be spared, and the regular attendants would find ample accommodations in the remaining churches.

Our contemporary very naturally, from his standpoint, attributes all this to the hard times; yet we think there are other reasons more patent. The fact cannot be disguised that Spiritualism is more culpable than anything else; and those institutions that do not "keep step to the music" of the Universe, have no right to complain if they are left behind in humanity's onward progress. Let our readers compare this statement of affairs with the letter of Warren Chase, in another column.

The Duty Next Year.

It is safe to perform that first. Indeed, there is nothing for us to do, until we have done that. If we wait for some big call to be sounded for us, and neglect with a sort of disdain to do the small and minute work, in all its detail, that each passing day and hour requires of us, then we shall be altogether unfit for service when the great call does come. We shall have been idle, and lost energy, and been out of practice, during the interim, and of course we are of no effective use when we are finally appealed to for the work which we have been coveting. One has no business worrying and fretting about his particular call, or destiny; let him do well the part to which he has apparently been assigned, and that very service will be the key to unlock all his future. As a general thing, people are not likely to turn very short corners to honor and position; but one step leads naturally to another—one thing opens so easily out of another, that the problem resolves itself, and all intricacies vanish as we advance. So let us all do at once what our hand finds to do, and do it with all our might.

A New Project.

We are to have a new experiment, on a large scale. It is no less than the raising of cotton in Illinois—in a Free State. It appears that an agent of the Illinois Central Railroad Company has been up and down the line of their road, collecting information on the capacity of that soil to produce the much needed fibre; and a writer says there is conclusive evidence that there are eight or ten millions of acres in the State which will produce from three to five hundred pounds of clean cotton to the acre, of as good quality as the average cotton of Georgia and Alabama. Certificates are published from forty or fifty old settlers in the Southern counties, who testify that for five or ten years they raised cotton regularly as a part of their crop, that they found it as sure a crop as corn, that gins were at work regularly in their neighborhoods, and that they gradually discontinued the culture because they found stock raising more profitable. A great many farmers, it is added, are going into it the next season, and it is likely that Illinois cotton will be quoted in prices current by another year.

The Death of Carlos D. Stuart.

The papers have just announced the death of Carlos D. Stuart, at Northampton, Mass., of consumption, at the age of forty-one. Mr. S. was for several years connected with the New York press, and was a vigorous writer, and poet of high order. In the latter capacity he was unusually inspirational. He was a Spiritualist, and has contributed much to the spiritual literature of the country. He has left hosts of friends, even among those who were strangers to him—and this is no paradox, for he who from his narrow sanctum and with aching brain beneath the roasting city gas lights, sends out noble thoughts to humanity, unconsciously to himself becomes allied to myriads of human hearts, whom on earth he may never meet, yet to whom he is bound forever. Poor Carlos! His fingers won't be cramped any more around his versatile quill; nor his weary eyes glaze over the exchanges that come in the midnight mail! Earth made much use of him, and hardly yet could spare him. Heaven has gained him, and we should be content.

New Music.

We have received from H. M. Higgins, No. 117 Randolph street, Chicago, the following new music sheets: "The Chicago Skating Polka," by Franz Staab; "The Wreath of Roses: Our Home is on the Sea," by Paul Schmidt. Higgins is the most enterprising music publisher in the West, and, being a Spiritualist, is specially deserving the patronage of our friends.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] S. J. P., New York.—Your essay has been received. We have so much other interesting matter on hand, which necessarily takes precedence of yours, that we are at a loss to inform you when we can give it place in our columns. B. F. CONYER, WASHINGTON, Mass.—We would advise you, under the circumstances, to write to J. V. Mearns, field, No. 14 Avon place, Boston. See his terms on the seventh page.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be given, whether at the BANAN or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (opposite) every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more that spirits belong. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is an evil as well as good in it. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives to more.

OUR CIRCLES.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANAN or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (opposite) every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

- Tuesday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: "What is Life?" "A Conscience an Emerging Guide?" Samuel T. Jacobs, Oberlin, Mich.; Hannah Connelly, New York; Patrick O'Brien, Dublin, Ireland; James Morgan, to Margaret Ellwood; Wm. Stone, to his wife.
Thursday, Dec. 12.—Invocation: "The purport of the message from England." Theobald, to his wife; Elizabeth Perkins; Joseph Willey; Nelly Gleason.
Friday, Dec. 13.—Invocation: "The Celebration of Christmas." Dennis Sullivan; Rhoda Wilkins; George B. Moore, Cabotville, Indiana (printed in No. 15); Alice Maria Buckler.
Saturday, Dec. 14.—Invocation: "Do the Spirits come at the call of mortals?" Leandri Chino; Ricardo Hernandez; Peter Sears; Mary Ann Powers; Harriet Sewell; Capt. Israel Hill.
Monday, Dec. 16.—Invocation: "Is the Soul's Progression endless?" William Watson; Elizabeth Perkins; Freddy Davis; Josiah Copeland.
Tuesday, Dec. 17.—Dr. Wm. Clark, Boston (printed in No. 16); Catharine Boyce, Princeton, N. J.; Charles P. Young, San Francisco, Cal.; Thomas Gould, Orleans, Mass.
Thursday, Jan. 1.—Invocation: "When will man become infinitely happy?" Wm. T. Fernald, St. Louis; Rebecca Hopkin, Philadelphia; Margaret Connelly, Manchester, N. H.
Monday, Jan. 6.—Invocation: "Shall man ever become united himself and so, when?" "Why are the communications given at this circle more for strangers than for believers in spiritual manifestations?" Willie Jones, High street, Boston; Florence S. Upton, Charlestown, S. C.; Joseph Strickling, Jeweller, Montgomery, Ala.; to his son, Henry; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.
Tuesday, Jan. 7.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous questions." Martha Hutchins, Belfast, Me.; Hiram Kenney, to his wife in Boston; Polly Johnson, N. H.
Thursday, Jan. 9.—Invocation: "The Chief End of Man." "What is it to be born again?" William Sherman Osgood (printed in No. 17); "New York; Lizzy Nelson, New York; Charles Freeman, to his son, Sally Brown, to her children; To Clarence Williams.
Monday, Jan. 13.—Invocation: "Perfection." Richard S. Jovanville, Manchester, England; Ellen Maria Sampson, New York City.
Tuesday, Jan. 14.—Invocation: "Will the Spirit of man forever retain its present form or form?" Nancy Hapgood, Worcester, Mass.; Charles Kimball, Boston; Philip T. Monty, New Orleans.
Monday, Jan. 20.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous Questions." Thomas Haskin, Second Michigan Regiment; Mary Lee, to Major Robert Lee, Nashville, Tenn.; Solomon T. Rings, Keene, N. H.; Thomas Knox, Pembroke, N. H.; to Abby Knox, Prattsville, Ala.
Tuesday, Jan. 21.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous Questions." "Light." Antonio Marcell, sailor, bark Sardin, N. Y.; Lucy M. Pennington, Albany, N. Y.; Samuel T. Johnson, St. Louis, Mo.; Olive Dwight, Brooklyn, N. Y.; to Philip Sprague.

Invocation.

God of wisdom, God of power, and God of infinite mercy, we bless and adore thee for all the manifestations of thy most glorious self. We do not thank thee, oh, our heavenly Father, for these corruptions of light which are daily and hourly showered around us, but for those midnight shades, for that shadow over humanity, we thank thee. We believe that added to the darkest shade will be the brighter shade of glory. We thank thee for all conditions of men—for the drunkard, for the prostitute, for the dissolute, of every description—for the Christian, for the Heathen—all, all, scattered abroad over the face of the earth. While we thank thee for all, thou wilt accept our thanks. Oh, our Father, we feel that thou wilt not only receive our thanks, because of thy glory, but even if we descend into hell, should we be wrapped around with the darkest shadows of life, while these dark shades prevail, may we feel that art in the shadow. Thy glory is not more seen in the brightest cherub than in the hardest demon. Thy children here and elsewhere not only dwell in light and sunshine, but also in darkness and gloom. There is no place where thou art not. Teach us, then, by the power of thy ministering angels, not to call anything unclean. Unto thee, most holy one, we offer thanks, not only now, but throughout eternity. Dec. 3.

Progress of the Spirit.

Have the friends any question to ask us? We are now ready to hear such.

A visitor suggested as a question: "Is the progress of the spirit immediate, or is it by distinct degrees?"

There are many distinct degrees in life, both here and hereafter. One most distinct to you of earth, is the change called death. There are as many quibbles as distinct changes after. The growth of the growth of the miniature God, is gradual—or unfolding of the miniature God, is gradual—or gradual as scarcely to be perceived. The dew falls silently and gradually—the earth drinks it in silently and gradually. The flowers unfold silently and gradually. So in all outward manifestations, man's unfolding is gradual. The minor degrees are small, very small, so much so that the outward senses cannot perceive them, yet they are distinct in themselves. The outward chains that enfold society, interlink with each other, and pass from one to the other. There is no going backward in nature, neither is there great strides forward. No evil-minded man to-day can become a saint to-morrow, nor can a saint to-day become evil-minded to-morrow. There cannot be despair to-day, and bliss to-morrow, nor the reverse. The great powers in the universe must be brought to the individual spirit. Therefore, we come to the conclusion that the unfolding of the spirit must be gradual. Dec. 3.

Electricity as a Motive Power.

We have been requested to answer a question relative to electricity. This question is: "Will electricity ever be used in the movement of large material substances?"

There is no element in, under, or above the earth, or in the celestial regions, that man cannot and will not make his servant. Man is endowed with wisdom, and he is the only portion of our Master's creation that is endowed with wisdom. In virtue of this, he will become a God in himself. So then, we are to suppose, sooner or later he will become so far acquainted with the electric element as to make it his servant, in every sense of the word. The past few years have unfolded much in the science of electricity. Man has already taken many steps in regard to making it his grand servant. Judging from the past, we know that he will make it a servant, to do his bidding and obey his commands, implicitly. At the present day there is but a small understanding of the element, compared with what there will be in the future. Will he use it in the movement of ponderous objects? Most certainly he will. Oh, our questioner, know you that in the compass of one drop of water, there is an electrical power, if rightly applied, sufficient to overthrow the Bunker Hill Monument. We speak that which we know. When man shall come to understand fully the nature of the element, will he not use it to do his will? Most certainly he will. As man unfolds his mind, the material in his nature recedes. Look back five hundred years, and you will scarce recognize the man of that day as belonging to your race. Physical strength dies before the march of mind. Man makes the elements to serve him. As much as he requires certain conditions for his happiness, for his development, if not found in physical forces, he must look for them in the elements, and use them also. We look abroad over the land, and we see that we have everything keeping pace with the growth of the soul. Everything is improved upon. Machines

through our markets to take the place of strength. This and that will take the place of physical forces, and perform the labor man used to perform. But a few years ago the electric fluid was not understood at all. A Franklin found out a little of its nature, and, in a few experiments, sought to shake hands with it, and he found it ready to shake hands with him. In a few ages to come, man will not only shake hands with the universe, but fold it around him. This much, mortal, we know, and when you stand upon the shores of immortality, you will agree with us that electricity shall be your most valuable servant in the future. Dec. 3.

Reuben Price.

Mr. Chairman, I hadn't got much idea of what I ought to say here. I did n't have much of an education when I lived around here, and I do n't know much about your rules, but if you will tell me what they are, I'll try to observe them. Well, my name was Reuben Price; I was born in Theford, Va., and was twenty-one years old when I left. I've been dead most seven years, and I hadn't got any nearer Heaven than I was when I died. This puzzles me, and I do n't feel quite settled about it. I died in Johnson, Va., of a fever, and a pretty hard one, too. I caught it down in Massachusetts, in Brighton. I came down with cattle, and somehow or another I got mixed up with it, went home sick, and never got over it. I have heard about this kind of thing—they used to have meetings in Washington, and I have heard of them around our place, but did n't know how big they were. I have got a brother in the army, and I put him up to go. He was a little skeered about it, and thought he should be killed. But I thought I would put him up to do something for old America, had as she was. She's bad enough. I thought before I died, something ought to come to make her better, and it's come. I tell you what, Mr. Chairman, the Government is pretty rotten. Ask George Washington—he says this country is awful sick—awful, and God is going to cure her. And he is going to give her medicine that'll make her mighty sicker. That's the way the doctors do round here. I can't tell all the strings I pulled to influence my brother. One thing—the times were pretty hard, he liked money pretty well, and I told him he would get good pay, save his money, pay up his mortgage, and not get shot. That's the way I got him off. If I was here and could make peace by saying the word, I would not say it. There is any amount of rascals to be killed off, and you can't take care of them. God is going to take care of them, by having them nearer to him. I've seen Gen. Jackson—he's a shakam of America, but says it is coming out all right. But now, Mister, I want just to say to our folks that there are plenty of ways to get a chance of talking to me, but not here, and if I do n't do them any good, I won't do them any harm. That half-brother of mine—we did n't hitch well together, and I thought it was all his fault; but I find it was partly mine, and will own up my share. If I could, I would straighten up some things; so he must take what I would do in place of what I should. Folks had better go to meetings like these where they can find bodies they can talk through. What do you ask for coming? Nothing? Well, that's easy enough. When you know what to do, it is easy to do right, ain't it? Well, I'll go now. Dec. 3.

Patrik Smith.

I'm very much of like the woman who is coming for me. I've got meself here, and do n't know what I want. My name is Patrik Smith, born in Dunwall, Derby county, Ireland. I lived in New York ever since I come to this country. I do n't know at all what I died of. I lived in Meyer's Court, New York. I've got a brother in America, and I've got a sister, and I'd like very much to make meself known, or put them in the way I could talk to them. They were in New York. My sister married Mr. Connolly. I do n't know what they'll do. I'm afraid if they go to the praste, they'll not come to me at all. Have faith? I hear so much about faith, I do n't know what it is. There is many things I'd like to talk about. My mother is dead, and is where I am. Believe me? Why would I lie at all about it? I do n't know it is meself at all. Our father died before we left Ireland, and me mother was in good health. I want to say there's things in Ireland that wants looking after. She's been here three months. I want to talk to them in spite of praste or God himself. They know mother was left with a brother. He's looking after things, and it'll be a long time before he'll write and tell. He's looking out for himself. Be so kind as to say I'd like to say something to me brother and sister. I do n't want the praste to know. I suppose I'll have to make meself say every time I come. Nobody'll treat them (the mediums) anyer than I. I'd like to know how to go. Much obliged, sir. Dec. 3.

Charles Pettes Anderson.

Halloo, Mister, my mother sent me here. She wants me to talk with my father. My name was Charley Anderson—Charles Pettes Anderson. Charles Pettes was my mother's name. I was seven years old and lived in Georgetown, District of Columbia. Mother lived there, too, and father lives there now. Mother wants him to pay more attention to spiritual things, and less to material. She would speak, but can't, and so lets me. My mother died of consumption. She was sick when I died, and then she hurried off, too. My mother wants to talk with my father and Uncle Charles, I was named after. She sent my father two written communications through a gentleman in Washington, what is n't public. And my father said, "Humbug!" because the gentleman knew about him. And so I came here where they do n't know us, and my mother tells me what to say. She's right here. I'm a lady, now. Yes, I did know I should be changed. I've been here and set others changed, and knew I should be for a little while. My father is a politician and a speculator, my mother says. My Uncle Charles, too. No, sir, not speculator. I make good deal of money out of it. It's true, it's true. My mother says I must thank the gentleman for writing, and must ask if I can come again. I know I shall succeed, because my mother never tries to do anything that she do n't do, and I only talk for her. She says she would tell me more, only because my magnetism does n't hold control. And so she only tells that's the most important. Tell my father, Aunt Mary Eliza, his sister, is here, and she wants to talk, too. Uncle Charles's little boy is here, too. He's little older than me. He died of fever, and he's here. He do n't care to talk, but I do—I like to. I shall come again, some time. I must go, now. Dec. 3.

Maria Louisa Favor.

My beloved sister, Josephine, I have many times tried to come to you in this way, since I left you, but never could until to-day. And to-day, I come to warn you against some you associate with, who pretend to be your friends. Oh, my sister, I want you to come to the spirit land pure as an angel. But for this I have watched over you ever since I left. I would say more, but cannot in this public way. From your spirit sister, MARIA LOUISA FAVOR. Dec. 3.

Invocation.

Oh, Lord, our God, unseal thou the eyes of humanity, and unstop their ears—yea, do thou revivify and vitalize every sense, that men may know thee as thou art, the source of wisdom, and not as the vain demagogues and men of the world understand thee; and that they may see thee in thy true character; and unto thee shall be gathered the glorious harvest of wisdom, forever and forever. Dec. 6.

What is a Miracle?

We propose to consider and briefly reply to a question propounded by one of the clergy of our city. Our friend seems fit to preface his question with the following declaration, that Spiritualists and mediums

generally believe and declare that Jesus of Nazareth was no more than a medium, performing only such acts as mediums of the nineteenth century are capable of doing, and no more than they can do.

QUESTION.—"What is a miracle? and are the mediums of to-day, those who style themselves spirit mediums, capable of producing or working miracles such as were wrought out by the Jesus of the past?"

What we consider miracles to be. When justly defined, they are no more nor less than violations of Nature's laws, or infringements upon the Deity. Now pause, and let the questioner ask himself the question, if he can suppose an individual capable of infringing the natural laws? And again, what natural law is it? We can tell him it is God. Then natural law, and Deity, to us, are one and the same thing. Therefore, to violate law, we infringe upon Deity. So, then, we declare, there never was a miracle performed. There never was and there never can be an individual capable of violating Nature's law. No one is capable of such violation, and Deity cannot be violated. If so, where is the wisdom so much talked of as centered in Jehovah? We do not pretend to deny the declaration in regard to spiritual mediums. We have ever taught and believe that Jesus of Nazareth was human as well as divine. He was as perfect a medium as ever existed; but that he ever performed a miracle, we deny. He was perfectly loyal to his God.

Are mediums capable of performing the miracles that Jesus performed? They are capable of performing just what he did. If we believe him, we must so conclude. These things may do, saith Jesus. Not only did this issue from his lips, but from all nature, coming down the ages step by step, and revealed to us of the present age. We presume our good brother will ask if Jesus did not raise the dead. He never did, and never could. That would have been a violation of Nature's laws, an infringement upon Deity. Oh, our good brother, while you read our answer, and hold up your hands in holy horror at the conclusion at which we arrive, look at the light shed abroad and look at it with an unprejudiced eye. Carry not with you the teachings of your mystic theology, neither dwell in the regions of the dead past. Allow us to add, never read God by the light of your dead theology.

We behold, even now, light shed down upon our good brother. It will come unto him in the silent watches of the night, and reason will break through the prejudice that has so long surrounded him. When reason is heard, as appealed to, it will never be silenced. We feel that the spring-time of your new life will ripen into a fruitful harvest, when you will return to Nature's God, and dwell no longer in dark and dead and good-for-nothing creeds. Dec. 6.

Herr Schraddal.

I have but one son in this country. I come for to see what I may say to him. I've studied pretty much that I may come right, and I've many times tried to come, but failed, because I have not studied enough. There be much to do to learn to come right. I am fifty-four years old when I take my departure from this world. I lived in St. Charles street, New Orleans. I was one instrument maker—make violins, guitars, and such like. My name was Herr Schraddal. My son Frederick lived some time in New York, some time in Boston, and other places. I was born in Heidelberg, Germany. I been here in this eighteen years, most of the time in New Orleans. My son was vat you call give concerts—musician—musician. I have try to send some message to my son, but he no believe, because I did not tell where I lived and died. I looked round to find how I may come, and send this place. I hope I make no mistake. My son leaves me, and come this way, because I no give him money enough. He was not with me when I died. I wish to talk to him—no give him money, but advice, with is better, from the spirit world. I once have much money, but I lose him, and that bring me to this country. I should like to speak here no long but my son will hear. I should like much to say to my son and hear since I bin here. But so little time given for each one, I wish to say vat comes first. I wish you very good day. Dec. 6.

Elizabeth S. Mason.

The Psalmist says the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. But the children of the spirit-sphere are taught to differ with him. We are taught that the love of God is the beginning of wisdom. Surely if we love him, there can be no fear. True love of God is to love all we see, whether in the radiant sphere of affection, or in the gloom of darkness where the unhappy dwell. We are taught to love all things, because God made all things. When I was on earth, I thought I was a Christian, and my friends believed I was a Christian. I was considered as a Christian according to the world's definition, but according to the true definition I was not. I was not a Christian, because I feared, and did not love. I hesitated not to say I hated this or that thing, and was governed by resentful feelings. I had been taught to believe that some classes were to be despised, and to pay more respect to those who were of a lofty character. It is with feelings of fear and hope that I come to this world again. I fear I shall not be welcomed by those I loved best, but hope to be able to overcome any prejudice to my present views. We are taught in the spirit-sphere that we are able to overcome all things beneath us. Surely, fear is beneath us. I have a father—a dear father, on earth, but his spirit is wrapped around with fold after fold of what they call the Christian religion, and on his head a mitre of Christian theology, through which the sun has never shed its light. But I have been taught to turn to earth to endeavor to induce him to cast off the Christian theology, and accept of the spirit of love and wisdom, which is the only true wedding garment. I am aware that strong prejudices exist with my father in regard to Spiritualism, and that he has not the smallest faith in its truth. I have faith in the promises through Nature, and so I hope to succeed. Eight years ago I left my father and other dear friends on earth, and went alone to the spirit-world without one gleam of light. I had enough of what was called light on earth, but the valley of death was dark enough, and I knew not where I should land, or who would receive me. I had too much of the professing Christianity of the day, too much of fear which intermingled with my hope of happiness beyond the grave. My disease was consumption, of which I was sick fourteen months. My name, Elizabeth S. Mason. I was, nineteen years of age. I will here relate a little incident of my life, which may prove to my beloved father that I still exist, and am capable of returning like much to my father. Some three years before my death I was suddenly overwhelmed with the conviction that I was a great sinner, and needed a change of heart, in accordance with the Christian idea of such things. I was troubled with the terrible dread of death, and a fear of God, so terrible as almost to amount to insanity. I struggled with it for weeks, until it appeared I could bear it no longer, when my father perceiving my condition of mind, called me into his study, and inquired what troubled me. When I told him, he said, "my dear Elizabeth, nothing could give me so much pleasure as to learn of this fear, for the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." He knelt down and prayed with me, and I tried to feel assured that my sins were forgiven, but a terrible marble of fear was on my heart, that I could not throw off to the last years of my life. No one but my father ever knew of this interview. I return now freighted with bright flowers from the gardens of truth, and I have learned that the love of God is the beginning of wisdom. Under this view of truth, we may call ourselves Christians, and not till then. I wish to ask that my father will give me an interview through some medium, and trust that it will be as pleasing to him as was that we have just related. Good day. Dec. 6.

Herbert Langdon.

My name was Herbert Langdon. I was near seventeen years old when I died. I was born in Barnstable, Mass., and died in Chesapeake City, N. J. I do not know about talking in this way—have been dead short of a year. I say dead, for that's the way I believe it is generally understood here. My father was doing business in Montgomery, Alabama, when I died; but I understand he has given up and come this way since I left. My mother has been in the spirit-world since I was quite small. I have a sister older than me, and a brother. My sister is a half-sister. My father married twice. My brother was older than me. I say my father was married twice—he was married three times—my half-sister's mother, my own mother, and his present wife. The last belongs I do n't exactly know where. I come here to-day, sir, to plead for my sister. I do n't know as you admit of such things. It is to my father I would communicate. In order to understand the state of affairs, my half-sister's mother left a little property that should have gone to my sister—that was the wish of her mother. She has never had it. She married against my father's wishes, and her husband has since absconded, gone to parts unknown. She is at present in a destitute condition, with two small children. Her mother feels unhappy about it, and I do myself, and as I was nearer to the earth than she was, I came here in order to the matter. Her mother wants father to relation to the matter. Her mother also his love and sympathy, as he ought to give. If he does this, he will be happier, and have more peace of mind than he has had for some time. I will say for the lady he calls his wife, if she wishes for happiness, here or hereafter, she must not interfere with our work. I know my father will receive my letter, as he has spiritual friends who are well inclined toward him, and will see it. I shall watch it when it comes out. Good-day, sir. Dec. 5.

Lizzy Porter.

The angels take care of us, dear mother, so do n't cry about me and Eddy. Lizzy Porter. Dec. 5.

Invocation.

O Father, the world and the church have taught us to fear thee; but the world and the church know thee not. Thou hast wrought the world low upon the tablet of our souls, and we feel inclined to love thee because thou wilt have us do so, and that we should not approach thee except with feelings of love. Why should we fear that thou wilt not bless us? Why should we come unto thee with feelings of terror? We know that we should not. When we turn away from earth, and consult with the angel world, we begin to know thee as thou art, filled with divine love. Thou art not only ready and willing to save us from our sins, but we know that thou wilt save us. Though we wander for years in hell, we shall turn to thee when we see our offences, and sorrow and misery shall pass away. At last, we shall all know this love, and rest in thy bosom. Our Father, should we ask thee to bless humanity? We answer No! But we should ask that all conditions of men may see thy love and hear thy voice—then will they be blessed. This much we ask for humanity, in the name of him who hath taught us to pray. Dec. 9.

The Deluge.

Have the friends present any question to ask? If so, we are ready to hear and answer such. If not, we will proceed.

"Was there ever a universal deluge?"

A friend desires to know whether there ever was a universal deluge, such as we read of in the Bible. We have no faith in the biblical record of the deluge—none at all. For we perceive not only the improbability of such a thing, but the inconsistency, the unreasonableness of that which has been presented to the Christian world, and that which the Christian world has called good and accepted. The story is a wild one, born of a wild imagination, and one which had little knowledge of human nature, either in this material sphere, or that across the river death. But that there has been universal deluges of different kinds, we believe. Of these there are those of new thoughts, new opinions, new hopes. A new religion is now swallowing up an old one, and soon the old one will disappear, and that which was held sacred, will be known only in the halls of memory. There may be some grounds why this record in the book which you call the Holy Bible, should have been believed. But that there ever was such a deluge as there represented, we again declare, we do not believe, and should one from the spirit-sphere come here to-day, bringing such a fabulous story, not even the believers of that record would give credence to it. It is because it is one of the mysteries of the age, that the story is probable with many; the world is apt to believe in mysticism, folded in dark shadows, rather than in pure truth and simplicity. Jesus of Nazareth was rejected because of his simplicity. He did not come to this material sphere, or that across the river death, to be the king and prince of the earth. It was said to him, if thou art the king of the Jews, why not represent yourself as such? Why come eating and drinking with publicans and sinners? Why art thou found walking in the simple garb of poverty, and why beg from door to door, if thou art a king? And yet he was a king, and Lord of Lords, in spirit. It would be better for the minds of the earth to receive that which is simple than that which is wrapped up in the mysteries—better, instead of believing that which the priests declare to be true, to believe that which our reason points out, to trust in the simple matter which is found in the child, that king which all most acknowledge sooner or later. You will understand us to declare that we do not believe in the story you ask us concerning of. Dec. 9.

James Rafferty.

I was told would I come here, I would speak with me folks. My name was James Rafferty, twelve years old. They lived in Charlestown street, then in Sea street, and in Moon street, where I died. My father and mother, three brothers and sister, I would like much to talk to. I had a bad cold in me heart, somewhere here. I stuff all up, had hard work to breathe some days, and at last found meself dying. The doctors called it congestion of the lungs. I have Dr. Welch. Be so kind as to let me come and speak with them, and I'll pay you some time. My mother can't read at all, me father can some. Should the praste know of it, he would tell them I was dead and gone. I can't rest at all; have been in bed here all the time, and do n't know what I'll do. May I go home and see them a while? I want to tell them many things that I can't tell in the little time I have here. I do n't know meself what I'll do. I know me father and mother won't come here. They won't know of me coming. Printed? Will it be in the Herald? (It will be in the BANAN or LIGHT OFFICE.) That is a Protestant paper, and they won't see it at all. If they do n't see it there, will you please put it in the Herald? They live in Moon street, just by the church—Rafferty is the name. Been here about two and a half years, high as I can count. All the time I've been about here. Sometimes I been to school for I died. I sold papers. Been to intermediate school, but did n't have much learning. May I go, Mister? Dec. 9.

Jenny Bigelow.

I have found my mother, Mister, and I want to go and tell her. The folks let me come here and tell my mother. I have found her. My name is Jenny Bigelow—they called me so. Somebody found me on the street in the night, when Mr. Bigelow was something. Yes—Mayor, and they called me Jenny Bigelow. Since I have been away from the Orphan Asylum, I have found my mother, and want to tell her so. She is in Boston. Her name is Ryder—Frances Ryder. She is n't poor. I got another mother here, and she tell me to come back and tell her she did wrong, very wrong in abandoning me, and that she had better

repent before she comes here. I want to tell her so. My teacher here, said she called me Jenny Bigelow, because Mr. Bigelow was Mayor. My right name was Kempton. I should have had that name. I know my father, too. I can't speak to him because he has gone away to the war. Won't you please tell my mother that I want to speak with her. She often thinks of me, and wonders what has become of me. She does not know that I am dead. I want to tell her that it was very wrong in her to do as she did, and that God does not like it. Good by, Mister. Dec. 9.

John M. Whittemore.

My dear friends—I did not enter the spirit-life unwarned and unready, as I have already informed you. Our father was with me during the engagement, and met me as I bade adieu to earth, and welcomed me here. JOHN M. WHITTEMORE, of Cambridge, Mass. Dec. 9.

A Waif from Mrs. Townsend.

DEAR FRIENDS, everywhere, I want to telegraph to you through the BANNER, that still stands firm amidst the howling tempest of war hanging so fearfully over our once peaceful land, that I am still on this side "the river," and laboring as ever to cultivate within myself the elements that shall eventually unfold me into a true woman—image of that God-mother we see all around us, in Nature, a ministering angel; and to scatter, so far as my feeble efforts may, the seeds of peace, love and good will to that man, that may spring into growth, after the great ploughman, Truth, has prepared the soil to nourish them. I know the clouds hang dark and heavy, the lightnings flash, and the thunders roll; but those who have studied the science of Nature, and consequently put lightning-rods of confidence in God upon their mental, moral, and religious habitations, know but little fear, and look upon the contending elements with a feeling of sublimity and admiration, knowing that when the storm shall have passed by, the face of Nature will present the grand appearance of a new birth. Streams that have been as little muddy pools, will come leaping down the mountain side with their accumulation of rubbish, cleansing as they go. The little flowers that have lain beneath the dust until one loses sight of their very existence, stretch up their little arms, and with smiling faces seem to thank God for their baptism. The great machine of Nature has been cleansed, and runs anew. True, we see some places where the thunderbolt descended, and even giant trees have been leveled to the ground. Some poorly framed buildings have lost their roofs, and others are blown entirely down. But what do we? Mourn over these ruins? Not long, certainly, but go to work and cut up the trees for use, put on new and stronger roofs, build new and improved dwellings on the spot where the old ruins laid, meet each other on the way, and exclaim, "Splendid storm!" "Sublime work!" We are all well aware that when there are contrary winds, the storm presents a more fearful aspect; but our experience in observing such conflicts, has ever been to see the cool, determined North wind sweep away all clouds, and eventually leave the heavens and earth in smiling beauty. These are natural laws, belonging to mind as to matter; and now, dear friends, do n't let us be children in this glorious conflict. Let us close the windows and doors while the storm lasts, and look out upon the scene calmly and quietly. Don't be alarmed, because the clouds obscure for a moment our glorious sun of Spiritualism from the whole world. It shines on, brightly as ever, and gives to all these clouds of blackness "a silver lining." Occasionally the clouds break, and then its radiant streams of light pour down in golden beauty, and thousands rush to warm themselves therein. Let us be of good cheer, carrying ever with us the sunny smiles of reflection from truth's great sun, to cheer the passer by. Let us entertain no fears as to the result. That God who has so plainly revealed himself in the preparations for this storm, knows what he is about, and, as I earnestly believe, will bring freedom to all his children, red, black and white, as I believe in my own existence. My little humble home is still at Taunton, where I stop to re-arrange my carpet-bag, as I journey on, and warm myself in the pure sunbeams of a husband and sister's love. Wherever you are, my friends, my best wishes attend you in pursuance of the Right. M. S. TOWNSEND. Stafford, Ct., Jan. 9, 1862.

A Test of Spiritualism.

We, the undersigned, have seen a test of this wonderful power, which, we think, will convince any skeptic of its truth, or at least of something beyond the power of man. This test was given us through a lady medium of this city, a lady of good character and high standing in one of the popular Christian churches of this place. As such we know her, and present her to the reader. At the time alluded to, she was controlled by the spirit of A. C. Campbell, a doctor when in the form, and held in an unconscious condition for the period of two hours. During this time we held a most interesting conversation with the intelligence, and was well satisfied of the truth and power of his mission. He (the spirit) gave us a full description of the human system, its formation and workings, which to us was very interesting. We questioned him closely, but, to all our interrogatories, found a quick and truthful answer, clear, logical and beautiful. But the most wonderful of all was a surgical operation performed upon my wife. It was accomplished with the eyes of the medium entirely closed, and in less than ten minutes from the time she took the instrument in her hands, the tumor was removed, and the wound sewed up, in a skillful and workmanlike manner. My wife has had the treatment of many of the medical fraternity, but all to no purpose. For six months she has suffered much, could not lie on her left side during that time, and in ten minutes, by the aid of this invisible power, was made comfortable, so she could turn upon her side with ease. During the operation she was not sensible of any pain, no stupefying medicine being used during the whole process. This we know to be a fact; for I closely watched every movement of the medium, to see if I could detect any deception, but could see none. I think the controlling spirit perfectly understood his work. Let it be the spirit of Dr. A. C. Campbell, or that of the woman; it matters not—it did honor to the cause of Spiritualism. This is the first I ever saw of Spiritual phenomena in my life. I decidedly objected at first to having any such performance, as I called it, over my wife, but my friends' desires prevailed, and I yielded to them, and thank God that I did. I must say there is something in it which challenges our investigation. May God reveal to us its hidden light and glory. SAMUEL HAZARD, Blue Island Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long, That on the stretched fore-finger of all time Sparkle forever.

SLEEP-LOVE.

Where is the maid with dark-brown tresses, Ever with me in my dreams? Sweetly her form my spirit blesses, Greeta my heart in sunny gleams.

In my lone soul her voice is thrilling; Like an angel's whispering; Softly it cometh—passion stilling— Dove like, "healing on its wing."

Darkly, and yet in love, are lending Over me those angel eyes; Love and sorrow joy are blending In their holy mysteries.

Clasp me within thine arms, my love, now; Is it all a dream—a dream? Angels gaze ye from above, now: Ye my love's own sister seem.

[Augustine J. H. Duganne.]

In the statement of truth, clearness is intimately connected with consciousness, as the lightning, which is the brightest thing, is also the briefest.

THE SABBATH.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn Which slowly wakes when all the fields are still. A soothing calm on every breeze is borne; A graver murmur gurgles from the rill; And echo answers softer from the hill, And softer sings the linnets from the thorn. The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill. Hail! light serene; hail! sacred Sabbath morn. The rooks float silent by in airy doves; The sun a placid, yellow lustre shows; The gales, that lately sighed along the groves, Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose. The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move. So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

Every sorrow we meet with is a billow on this world's troublesome sea, which we must cross to bear us nearer home.

HAVE FAITH.

Have faith—have courage—never fear. The promise is in sight; The lamp of Truth is shining clear, To banish Error's night. Though trials gather thick and fast, And all the world be wrong, Onward, still onward to the last, And in the right be strong.

Violent friendship sometimes generates enmity, as ice may be made by the chemical action of heat.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! though the grapeshot may rattle, Or the full thunderclap over you burst; Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle Little shall harm you, though doing their worst. Never give up! if adversity presses, Providence wisely has mingled the cup; And the best counsel in all our distresses Is the stent watchword of "Never give up!"

Better the world should know you as a sinner, than God know you as a hypocrite.

BASIS OF RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION.

BY EDWARD D. FREELAND.

To A. BEATTY, EVANVILLE, IND.

Your reference to an article of mine, published in the BANNER of January 4th, 1862, entitled "The Office of Spiritualism," seems to take for a few words of explanation from me; and I take the liberty of addressing to you a few sentences, which, however, I believe will not be uninteresting to the general readers of the BANNER.

You say, "I believe in a practical organization or combination of individuals upon the broad platform of Christ, as God's anointed king and head of the church, both in heaven and upon the earth." If I understand you correctly, your platform would exclude all persons who did not regard Christ as pre-eminently—and in a sense different from what would be predicated of any other created being—the chosen and specially appointed of God, as king and head of the church. This being so, I must say in all candor that your platform is not broad enough for me.

Some of the best persons that I know—the gentlest and most loving natures, the most ardent lovers of humanity, those leading the most self-sacrificing lives, those devoted to the regeneration of the world, and the uplifting of its inhabitants from ignorance and misery to knowledge and happiness—in short, some of the best Christians do not believe Christ to have been the son of God, in any other sense than that we are all sons of God, and hold that Christ himself so taught; they do not believe that Christ was "God's anointed king and head of the church," by any special appointment, or in any other sense than his own interior perception of his fitness for that office, at the time when he was upon the earth. They hold that all good men, who feel the spirit of love within them, are by this feeling anointed and consecrated as kings and leaders in the church, in the same sense as Christ was in varying degrees. My platform is broad enough to take upon it all such persons.

Again, some of the best practical Christians—those who follow closest Christ's precepts and example in their daily lives—are what the world technically denominates Infidels; those who deny the special divine inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. They believe that all truth is alike the word of God, whether it comes through Jesus, Zoroaster, Socrates, Bacon or David Hume; and that the inspiration of the Hebrew and Christian sacred books is of the same character as that which is daily speaking to us through the mouths of men and women among us, especially of that class called mediums, possessing the power of a deeper insight into Spiritual laws than is prevalent among the mass. I cannot reject such persons from full communion and fellowship.

Still further, some of the noblest, grandest and most perfect men in their daily lives with whom I come in contact, are what the theological world would probably denominate Atheists—men and women who do not believe in the existence of a personal or intelligent God, outside of created men, who hold that the highest created intelligence is to-day, and always, embodied in the human race upon earth, and pre-eminently in some individual man; thus denying altogether the God, the Father of theology, and recognizing Christ's claim to Godship only be-

cause he was the highest created intelligence in the Universe. This class of believers are mostly, as far as my observation goes, persons of logical, scientific, practical mental characteristics, possessing little imagination and less intuition or religious sentimentality. Their course of reasoning is substantially this.

The human mind, in its present development at least is inadequate to the conception of the mystery of the creation of the world or of its creator. All that we can know is that we are here, and the laws which pertain to our present state. How we came here, who made us and created matter, it is impossible for us to know. Three thousand years of investigation have brought us to-day to the same spot from whence we started—mystery. It does not solve the problem to assume that some being created us whom we will call God, for when we ask who created God, the same unanswerable dilemma presents itself. The Christians ask with some show of plausibility, to minds not deep: Could this world exist without a Creator? Does it not bear evidence of design, and therefore of an intelligent Creator? To which is replied: Could this God possessing such a stupendous mind as to be able to create this world "exist without a Creator?" Does he not "bear evidence of design and therefore of an intelligent Creator?" You say this God had no creation but existed from eternity. This is no solution. It is as easy for me to believe that matter possesses in itself the inherent life-principle which it had from eternity and gradually develops it, as to assume the existence of a Being of whose existence I have no proof, and to suppose that he created the life-principle and its phenomenal embodiments. I take the position in the first instance which you take in the second. I cannot intellectually apprehend the cause of being, which you denominate God; therefore I say in the outset, that it is, to me, a mystery.

You are not satisfied with this, and attempt to solve the mystery by the assumption of a First Cause, about which you know nothing, and then, with the natural tendency of the mind to give form an attributes to an idea which is otherwise flimsy, you invest your ideal with transcendent qualities, call it God, and assume it as the Creator. But when I ask you whence came God, you are driven to the same position which I first took, and say—mystery. The only difference between us, therefore, is an assumption which you cannot prove, even to yourself. I stopped short when I could intelligently go no further, and confessed my ignorance. You, in the face of your own Bible, which indicates that no one by searching can find out God, attempt to do it, only to be obliged to confess your ignorance and presumption at the second step.

Such is, in substance, the statement of a large class of good men and women in respect to the method in which they apprehend the mystery of existence. I take them on my platform. I see also that the whole religion of Christendom is only one of the great sects of the world. That Mahometanism, Buddhism, Brahminism, and other great religions sects make the same claim to a divine origin, and support their claim with the same vigor as the Christians. I cannot reject from my communion or fellowship a good and sincere adherent of any of these religions, though they ascribe to other persons the divine nature, which you and other Christians claim for Christ.

Frankly, Brother Beatty, I have no confidence in any organization, religious or political or otherwise, which is only as broad as our individual perception of particular manifestations of truth. I believe the day is not far distant when the sympathy and cooperation of all good men, upon a platform broad enough for all good men to stand upon, without reference to the particular method in which they apprehend truths, intellectually, will be recognized as the true basis. I believe it will ere long be considered as erroneous to believe only those particular truths which we can individually assent to, and it is now to believe only those truths which our own eyes have seen. The fact that good and wise men see and apprehend truth in a different manner from what I do, and see truths where I see none, is sufficient evidence to me that there must be some basis of truth there, although I cannot see it. The mistake which has been made in the past by religious men, has been, not in their affirmations, but in their negations.

Because I cannot see it, therefore it is not there, has been the blind argument which has drenched the past in blood, stopped the path of progress and made religion a curse and a mockery. If you or any other conscientious and intelligent human being see truth where I do not, I believe there must be truth there, because you do see it. All individuals are differently constituted, outwardly and inwardly. We all, therefore, catch different shades of truth. I am ready to cooperate with all persons devoted to the truth, no matter in what way they apprehend it, if they will accord to me the same broad right. If you believe in Christ as, in an especial manner, "God's anointed king and head of the church," I am with you. If Miss Emma Hardinge sees in the admission of Christ as "God in person," a necessity for also admitting "the doctrines of the fall of man, original sin," etc., and consequently either denies Christ's Godship, or admits it, I am with her; not because I believe as she does, but because if she believes, it is sufficient evidence, to me, of some side of truth. If conscientious infidel or atheist denies Christ's divinity, or stops at the mystery of creation, without attempting to penetrate beyond, I respect his belief. I hold that there must be some reason in the nature of things, for his thus apprehending that which may seem so different to you and me, and can take him with my hand, my heart and my intellect upon my platform, without, to quote from a forthcoming catechism of a new church organization, "foolishly and wickedly insisting that he shall apprehend the divine essence in the same way" with myself.

I close this letter, though very reluctantly, having much more to say, with the statement that the narrowest basis upon which I can join, in religious or other organization, is that which will include all those who are earnestly and faithfully devoted to the discovery of truth, and who conscientiously and sincerely endeavor to live according to the principles of truth, when known; without regard to the particular form in which truth may present itself to different minds in any age, or in any country.

402 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Down East Bronx.—There is a district school "not a thousand miles" from town, which has been proverbially a hard school to manage. A few weeks ago the boys undertook to drive a cow into the school room at recess. The master, hearing the noise, came out and inquired what they were trying to do. "Why," replied a port fraction of a stripling, "we noticed a rich crop of grass in your boots, and thought 'twas a pity to have it wasted!"

IMPLEMENTS OF HAPPINESS.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

ARTICLE FOUR.

REFORMATION.

The groundwork for all practical appliances of this implement, is the process of human development. Our native ignorance of the Art of Living makes it necessary to learn as we live; then, to apply this art and thus attain the superlative end of living, we can only live as we learn. If, as finite beings whose Creator and Teacher is Infinite, we can never become too wise to learn, neither can we become too worthy and happy to improve; and thus, if our education is never to be finished, a conformity of outer life to our inner growth of character, is, and always will be, indispensable to our Happiness. This is precisely what I mean, by REFORMATION, which makes a play of all the sentimental faculties to the end of Contentment—the fourth and noblest implement of Happiness.

Every adult person may look back on a course of action, more or less comprehensive, as entirely unworthy to be repeated, however commendable for its contemporaneous incentives and results. Rational disapprobation, and even heartfelt regret, is no singular suggestion of memory. Habits of error, too, will sometimes cling to us, in spite of all our efforts to put them off. But who is happy in such a case? There is no peace of mind except in the harmony of its organic functions. And this desideratum is to be realized only through a general subordination of animal appetites to human sentiments—only by making Reason and Conscience the law and order of life.

Many a man has unwittingly undermined his physical constitution by contracting some vicious habit; say a misuse of tobacco or rum, instigated by the pernicious advice or inauspicious example of associates. Year after year he chewed the quid of morbid comfort, or smoked the pipe of ensnaring ease, without a thought of cherishing a foe to his peace. The habit grows, and a train of unforeseen inconveniences suggests its repudiation; but no, it "sticketh closer than a brother." Time flies, and experience reveals at length the morbid effects of the narcotic stimulus; but now the habit has become tenacious. Surprised and exasperated by the incontinent malversation of his ill chosen companion, the victim of delusion comes to himself and bids his quondam comforter depart—says, "Begone, thou treacherous miscreant!" when lo! this same delicious habit, assuming the attitude of constabular dignity, promptly taps his shoulder and announces instant, "You are my prisoner." Now is the time for action—now or never. Now the man will show himself, or die. This is the hour that tries his soul. See him struggle! Hear him pray! "O for the might of Samson to break these withes!" O Dallah, how couldst thou be so cruel? Does he elude her wiles? Victim, is his name? Then who has ever seen a happier man than he? One could almost wish to err as much for such a triumph. But does he fall? Who then so vexed? who so misled? See him sink away, like no meaner slave, crouching to hid, his chain! Never will he own himself again, nor hope to be a man, till he shuffles off that chain—conquers the hateful habit—reforms.

Then the victim, who drank the exhilarating beverage, with little or no apprehension of its insidious snare. All unconscious of the spell of "familiar spirits," blind to the consequences of his delusive habit, he imbibed a slow poison, which stimulated his nervous system to an unhealthy action. This excited all his appetites to excess, scorched his flesh with fever, filled all his bones with pain, and thus turned a life of gratitude into one of disease, derangement, cursing and bitterness. Now he has come to his senses, and what shall he do? Directly before him—exactly in the path of his error, so blindly chosen for the boon of happy living, the drunkard's grave yawns at his very feet. His soul shudders, and recoils from the consequences of advancing another step. He has erred; he knows it and feels it. What can he choose, but retreat, from this pit of consternation and woe? If not despair, what but reform?

But men may not err forever. What need of Reformation has such as practice the Art of Living? Verily, the same that an infant has to turn from his habit of creeping to that of walking erect. The same that any catechumen has for disregarding the bias of authority, just in proportion as one comes to feel the force of conviction. A child does not err in clutching the apron-strings of maternal protection; the boy ought to obey the word of his father and follow the advice of his mother, until he is old enough to govern himself. Young Christians are not to blame for accepting the creed of their ancestors as the Word of God, so long as they are incapable of thinking and investigating for themselves. None should be denied the poor privilege of hobbling to Heaven on the arches of conventional faith and ecclesiastical worship, who has not learned, in a rational and moral sense, "to go alone." But how foolish is the preaching of these antiquated saints, when they warn their seniors against the danger of walking without an artificial support, and by the light of Reason rather than by faith. Is it any better than the whimpering of a creeping urchin against the experiment of literal walking, lest one fall? Certain as the law of Progression, there is no form of Truth, I mean no conception of it, which will fit the soul for ever. As the body out-grows its raiment, or a garment itself becomes threadbare and tattered by long wearing, so the mind clothes itself in a garb of opinion which suits for a while, but is found at length too strict for ease and too imperfect for satisfaction; and taste requires a change of apparel, spiritual as well as material. "My Bible leads to glory," shouts the sentimental religionist, who seems not to be aware that in going thither his heavenly leader will be left behind. We must let go the past, and by looking back too wistfully, many are turned into—worse than pillars of salt—statues of custom, idolatry and bigotry. "Remember Lot's wife," is good negative advice; but Crockett's word of Progress is better for the work of Reformation. We are all getting out of Sodom; and we must not tarry in all the plains of complacency, but "go ahead" to the mountains of Justice, Beauty and Harmony—the habitations of Science, Virtue and Bliss.

Some retrospect their earlier years with a melancholy wish to live them over again; either because their feeble joys may have no second greeting, or they regret the loss of opportunities unseasonably discerned. This is unwise, since it tends only to "vanity and vexation of spirit." Foolish mourner! Do you not know that pleasures ever wane by repetition? and that childhood's goblet drained again would taste insipid as your mother's milk? But could you be a very child once more, and try the fortune of development, you think perchance you might be more lucky in what now seems the drift of erring obsolescence. Perhaps you would; I know you would, if blest with the prudent bias of life's experience; and so you have your wish, or what is more and better. Life is yet before you; try again. Call it the Spring of life; and now, as reason bids, sow the seeds of Virtue, and make unending time the harvest of Self-reform.

But this implement applies not alone to the order of individual development. Each is so intimately allied to All, that no self-reformer is likely to neglect society. Hence the general work of youthful education. Hence all the nurturing and governing agencies of Church and State. Out of this spirit of self and social improvement, have sprung all the great reformatory movements of the nineteenth century. Some religious phas of the same natural impulse, bottled Waldo, Wickliffe, Cobham, Huss, Luther, Wesley, Williams, Penn, Murray, Ballou, Channing, Parker and others of their respective times, to enter the arena of Ecclesiastical Reformation. One of its political phases also stirred up the noble, generous and otherwise pacific mind of Washington, to lead the van of an army of patriots in the war of our First Revolution by which a nation's Independence was achieved and a Republic Government established. Need I say that both these departments of social Reformation are nobly represented to-day, by a host of willing workers who will not faint for ardor, nor weary of their purpose, nor desist from their constant labors, till Anarchy bites the dust, and Bigotry dies of shame—till the prayer of Slavedom is answered, and all civil debts are paid—till the Broad Church of Error is organized, and our national Capitol becomes a true TEMPLE OF FREEDOM? Then shall the joyous acclamations of our many-millioned people go up to the ears of angels, who, from looking down with unspeakable interest on the present "Crisis" of our complicated world, shall turn to herald the tidings through all the spheres of Heaven, that the American Union is "born again"—that the Republican "E Pluribus Unum" has reformed.

Here my pen touches the goal of the presently terminating series of its mental indications—the conclusion that everybody, in order to be happy, must be a Worker, a Citizen, a Student and a Reformer.

What is Spiritualism? The following communication was received on Saturday evening, December 28th, from an elder brother—a graduate of Yale College, Conn., who left the earthly form about twenty years since. It was written in seventy minutes by Mrs. Staats, medium, 83 Amity street, New York, in reply to the question, "What is Spiritualism?" The obitography is the fac-simile of the author's while in the rudimental sphere. The essay was read by the brother to whom it was addressed, to an audience at Lamartine Hall, New York, on Sunday, the 29th inst., and a copy was solicited by some of the gentlemen for publication in the Boston "BANNER OF LIGHT."

Glady greeting, kindly welcoming the hour which God has appointed for his agents to carry forward more of the shining dew-drops of wisdom, I come, obedient to that divine will which speaks in every twinkling star as it silently rolls on, and scatters and gathers from space light, more light. We know and love their glad rays, and they become to you and us familiar faces, ranged in the best circle of friendship and brotherhood. Oh, how sweet, how harmonious are thy laws, and how perfect that nature which hath created all things to silently give thee praise and adoration!

Your question, my brother, as I understand you, is, "Spiritualism—what is it?" You may well ask, would an abler hand than mine had hither come to show to every mind what "Spiritualism" is; for while we number thousands who accept the belief, having had every sense convinced of the intercourse and presence of the departed, we also discover thousands who, under cover of the term, find refuge for every evil of their nature—every passion of the flesh; hence, Spiritualism and Spiritualism must be defined, not as a mere canon of Faith, but shown to you in their true sense as regarded by those whose presence with you to-night has established it as a reliable faith amongst men. I propose, my brother, to regard it in three different parts, looking at it through the lens which charity places before the eyes of the honest searcher after truth.

1st. Spiritualism as a Science or occult law of the mind. 2d. Spiritualism as a Philosophy. 3d. Spiritualism as a Religion. 1st. Spiritualism, regarded by the savans of this free land as a science or occult law of the mind, becomes at once beyond the power of the masses to understand. They whose entire lives have known no freedom and joyed none of the genuine light, which calls forth the sweetest flowers of the low valleys of life, have attempted a series of stereotyped rules, to do away with this brightest, best gift of God; and with a vast amount of scientific phraseology, have passed a verdict that Spiritualism is a law of the mind yet unexplained; and being in awe of transcending the limits of old theology, have shied at any hands over fossil authorities, and allowed the old law to stand unshaken. I propose, my brother, to regard it in three different parts, looking at it through the lens which charity places before the eyes of the honest searcher after truth.

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gigantic strides in arts and sciences, are in comparative ignorance of every law of their spiritual being. That Spiritualism is philosophic, no mind need doubt, for he who understands the first laws controlling the intercourse of spirits, cannot fail to become the philosopher and free-thinker.

As a philosopher, it certainly establishes no law which warrants the dictation of thought; but, under existing circumstances, few there be, who, when convinced of the presence of the departed, are not ready to beg as did Theistostoles, to be taught the art of forgetfulness. It reaches afar back, makes the present more earnest, and in many, very many discloses glimpses of a future in which is beautifully unfolded that secret law, which indeed belongs to the mind, and teaches you so to live that you can all full play every gift, which an All-Wise Creator has bestowed upon man.

Again, as a philosophy, moral in its tendency, it penetrates the mysticisms which lurk in the pages of the past; makes Milton, Dryden, Shelley, Bacon and Rogers to stand before you, singing sublime strains than e'er before you felt, while the few dark spots which were wont to cling round Burns, Byron and Moore, fade away before the laws of Imperial man, which this beautiful philosophy proves them to have possessed. You see them before you, and your interior vision, aided by this light, traces the secret springs and hidden strings, which waited only the touch of master-fingers above; and you no longer ask, whence the plough-boy's talent? or, whither cometh the divine inspiration which has swayed the hearts of millions? and whose strains reverberate from Scotia to every land where voices express the philosophy of sound, and attraction tells its thrilling, yet oft silent story—sympathy and love. Ay, my brother, it is well to regard it as philosophy, and better still, to know its extent.

When, with those who fear it as a name only, traag the footsteps, scientifically if they will, and philosophically behold it without fearing they may defame that temple which bigotry and fear have created too falsely sacred for usefulness, too frail for utility, too cold for a true life? When the fetters shall have fallen, and the scales have ceased to be beneath the flow of light which comes redolent and beautiful, as consolation in an hour of affliction, then one by one will we open the doors, and pass the pilgrim on and on to behold every science so long down-trodden, and fast removing every relic of barbarism, and in its stead, placing the more perfect forms of Charity, Faith, Hope, and the higher sister, Love.

Again, regarded as a philosophy, weak man boasts afraid, and proudly goes forward, deeming himself safe from the assaults of his church, his spiritual teachers, (who, by the way, in these days seem vastly more material than spiritual, inasmuch as they preach a gospel of war instead of peace), and if attacked, reply under cover of scientific research, however all such search thus far has proven fatal; and those who deny, are certainly unfair, not having granted themselves either a philosophic or scientific investigation. They readily concede and acknowledge inspiration in the past; religiously believe God to work by the same laws as in the days when the waters covered the face of the earth, yet are ready to assert that all inspiration ceased when the apostles closed and in the next moment in the present existing copy of the New Testament.

Now, my brother, is not this a shallow philosophy? a burlesque on science and all the gifts of humanity? Can an honest man of common sense tell you to-day that Shakespeare was not inspired? Will he, by philosophy or any discovered science, explain to you the secret of Washington's success against such fearful odds? Will he, can he explain the laws which brought to a Newton's so deemed dull brain, the mighty solutions which have opened the courses of the myriad orbs rolling through space? Hath he discovered the fount whence a Mozart, a Weber and Rousseau drew such strains of melody, such chords of harmony? Then as a philosophy, it contains cardinal points, reaching afar into every discovered science, covering all the ground of man's deality, his connection to all beneath him, disclosing the link to all above.

3d. As a Religion, it interferes with every cord that binds the soul's aspiration, and fills the heart with gratitude and reverence to God. I will not say a religion, but would be understood as saying, it renders man naturally devotional, charitable, humble, honest, faithful and true, elevating his every thought, purifying every passion, by the flame of truth, turning every discordant wire of his nature to ring out melodies, sublimely silent, perchance, yet visible in every note; setting the whole instrument to the keynote of love, and attaining that enviable position which Paul had so triumphantly reached, when, after passing through all of revealed sciences and philosophy, declares himself to be content, whosoever his lot may be cast. And is not this religion? When the heart becomes rid of those unpleasant guests which make up their abode with fear, and feels every cry of distress which the orphan utters; hears the widow's sigh, and hastens to stay the throbbings of guilt, by pointing to the loved one who lingers above to lead to the fount where the sweet waters of forgiveness flow, walking at all times conscious of the presence of those whose now clear vision tells of the blessed realities of immortality. Is not this religion? And is it not spiritual beings who teach our spirits to love God, and keep his commandments? If not, then religion is but an empty name, and God known only in the three letters which spell the word; but we know, thanks to his holy name, it is an entity—a truth full of philosophy, full of glorious science and natural religion. Spiritualism, the soul's right of search on highway and by way; wherever thought warms in the bark of aspiration, guided by intuition, conigned by wisdom to the port of love; universal, catholic, and obedient to the compasses which truth and justice poise in every honest heart, giving to every mind its needs; proving the law of attraction perfect in minutia and detail; questioning ever; answering but to question again; ending only when lines, which love and sympathy place about humanity, are spanned, and every inch given—a glorious freedom—every man's mission understood, and the mystery of his being ultimately explained.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by E. W. Loveland, in many respects, a remarkable book. The author illustrates several chapters of teachings and miracles of Jesus Christ, in an original bearing, giving the spiritual or phisical bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: the Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, one Family in Heaven and Earth, Spirit Impression, Guardian Spirits, Consulting God, Progression, Selfish Loves and Appetites, Prophecy, etc. The whole work is neatly printed in large type, on stout, durable paper, and for sale at the BANNER or LIGHT office. Price thirty-seven cents. When sent by mail, 10 cents additional for postage.

Meetings.

The Spiritualists of Kendallsg. Me., and vicinity, will hold a series of Meetings in Kendallsg. Village, on the 14th, 15th and 16th of February, commencing Friday, at 2 o'clock P. M., and closing Sunday with the afternoon services. Some of the best speakers will be present on the occasion. A particular invitation is hereby given to all speakers, and also to the friends in general, who can make it convenient to meet with us. Arrangements will be made to accommodate all that will come.

CHESTER WILD, Cor. Com.

J. O. TALTON, V. S. PALMER, Kendallsg. Jan. 20, 1862.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hiram Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the present page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.